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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE THREE YEW TREES.

The wind that talks in the trees
Is more to me than love;
Talking over the time-worn graves
Where my forefathers lie at ease:
And I heed what the wind says, as it
waves
The branches, and soft o'er the worn
stones move
Sunlight, and shade of the three yew
trees.

I lie awake and with delight
Hear the rain along the rones,
And smile to think it beats all night
On the gray and time-worn stones;
And the thought of the beds where my
fathers lie
Somehow subdues my soul, that says:
"What are the light of a woman's eye
And the feet of the children along the
ways?"

I hear the ring of the stone
On the scythes at reaping time,
And take my place with them there;
But somehow I seem alone
'Midst the scythe-men red and the reap-
ers fair
As they bend and bind, where the
green hills climb
From the valley, where are the three
yew trees
And all my people lying at ease.

The men look puzzled on me at times,
As I swing the scythe, and the women
smile,
White-teethed women with full red
lips,
And arms that shall some man beguile;
But if at the meal-time I should pass
The scones, or the jar from the long,
cool grass,
And happen to touch their finger tips,
I look to the vale whence the calm hill
climbs,
Where my forefathers lie at ease
'Neath the worn stones and the three
yew trees.

The Natives.

Frederick Nicen.

THE RECALL.

I am the land of their fathers,
In me the virtue stays;

I will bring back my children
After certain days.

Under their feet in the grasses
My clinging magic runs.
They shall return as strangers,
They shall remain as sons.

Over their heads in the branches
Of their new-bought ancient trees,
I weave an incantation,
And draw them to my knees.

Scent of smoke in the evening,
Smell of rain in the night,
The hours, the days and the seasons,
Order their souls aright;

Till I make plain the meaning
Of all my thousand years—
Till I fill their hearts with knowledge,
While I fill their eyes with tears.
Rudyard Kipling.

ON THE HORSES OF ST. MARK.

There be four brazen stallions of the
breed
That Niké drove at Marathon abreast,
Who marched before St. Mark's with
pace repress'd,
As if her self were curbing-in their
speed;
Marching as they have marched
through crowd and creed
Down all Antiquity with clip-maned
crest,
And through the Middle Times with
broad bronze chest,
To trample down the Present like a
reed.

They march towards the Future of the
world,
In Time not Space; and what the
path is through
Is writ in shadowy scrolls not yet un-
furl'd;
And as they march, the pigeons waltz
and coo
Upon their sunlit backs, when eve
has curl'd
The still canals, as eve is wont to do.
Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

THE UNITED STATES THROUGH FOREIGN SPECTACLES.*

Mr. John Graham Brooks, of Boston, U. S. A., has lately published a book which he has called "As Others See Us." It is a compendium of opinions expressed by Europeans concerning the people of the United States within the last century; and the fact that Americans are reading the volume with interest, and are deriving from it an entertainment little alloyed with irritation, shows how greatly their sentiment has changed since the days when foreign criticism enraged their fathers and grandfathers.

For three generations after the American Revolution the English critics absorbed attention in the new country, and it is well known that their spirit was unfriendly in the extreme. Captain Basil Hall, Captain Marryat, Mrs. Trollope, Charles Dickens, and others less well known, wrote always with contempt and often with bitter and abusive hostility. Mr. Brooks recalls that many of these earlier writers frankly admitted their purpose to say the worst that they could concerning "the States." Thus Captain Marryat avowed, "My object was to do injury to democracy"; and others were hardly less outspoken. Of course, by such avowals the witnesses discredited their own testimony, yet without depriving it of its sting; for it was hardly an acceptable apology to say, "I am going to abuse you roundly because I hate you deeply." In fact, it was not so

much the fault-finding as the malice which hurt the American, who was goaded to fury by the deliberate and skilful selection of the most offensive epithets furnished by the dictionary. The cruel flagellation naturally induced in the victim an extreme sensitiveness; which in turn induced joyous and derisive jeering.

Fortunately, however, the recalling of these bygone conditions is to-day a raking in ashes almost cold. Americans are good-natured and have short memories, and they are withal too busy with the present to be vindictive about the past. Moreover, the old-time sensitiveness is departing, for the simple reason that we feel a cheerful assurance that our experiment, so far as we have had time to develop it, is reasonably successful. A nation of eighty millions of people, enjoying a satisfactory average of prosperity, comfort, and education, almost overloaded with wealth, having physical resources which a Münchausen among statisticians could hardly exaggerate, and with a certainty of unexploited resources beyond computation, may be criticised or hated but will hardly be fleeced at. If Mrs. Trollope and Mr. Dickens should cast their little pellets to-day, it would not be their victim that would be made ridiculous. Let it be avowed, however, that unprejudiced Americans admit that the abusive writers did not draw wholly on their imaginations for

* 1. "As Others See Us." By J. G. Brooks. New York: Macmillan, 1908.

2. "Notes sur les Etats-Unis." By André Tardieu. Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 1908.

3. "The Inner Life of the United States." By Mgr. Count Vay de Vaya and Luskod. London: Murray, 1908.

4. "American Sketches." By Charles Whibley. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1903.

5. "The American Scene." By Henry James. New York and London: Harper, 1907.

6. "The Americans." By Hugo Münsterberg. Translated by E. B. Holt. London: Williams and Norgate, 1905.

7. "America at Home." By A. M. Low. London: Newnes, n.d.

8. "The Future in America: a Search after Realities." By H. G. Wells. London: Chapman and Hall, 1908.

9. "Vues d'Amérique." By Paul Adam. Paris: Allendort, 1908.

10. "Le Peuple du XX^e Siècle: Aux Etats-Unis." By Urbain Gohier. Paris: Charpentier, 1903.

11. "American Traits; from the Point of View of a German." By Hugo Münsterberg. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co., 1901.

12. "Outre-mer: Notes sur l'Amérique." By Paul Bourget. Paris: Lemerre, 1894. English edition. London: Fisher Unwin, 1895.

their diatribes; that many of their strictures were well-founded; and that the medicine was wholesome and of good effect.

A powerful sedative to soothe the excited sensitiveness was not long ago administered by a wise and distinguished physician. Mr. Bryce's studies of the United States have come, most kindly, like a great sponge to wash fresh and clean the slate of the past. Mr. Brooks praises him as "our greatest critic"; our fairest also and our kindest. "Entering into broad human relations with Americans" in the spirit of "good fellowship," he has also given us "a good deal of plain speaking"; but how little we object to this, his great popularity with us bears witness. To Mr. Wells' "The Future in America" frequent reference will be made later; but it is significant that one rarely hears any mention of other recent English writers on the United States. Only Sir G. Trevelyan's "History of the War of Independence" has acquired popularity, by reason alike of its generous temper and its literary charm; indeed, the only criticism is that it glorifies even too much the rebellious colonists, bestowing upon all praise really deserved only by a few.

Attention has lately been called to German views by Dr. Münsterberg, a resident in America for several years and a professor in Harvard University, who has written in solid, thorough, German style two very fair and valuable books. To him we owe the information, which otherwise would have escaped us, that several books have been published about us in Germany; and we infer, with unruffled indifference, that this German writing generally has not dealt in flattery. A year ago "The Inner Life of the United States" was invaded by a Hungarian, Mgr. Count Vay de Vaya and Luskod, Apostolic Protonotary. This writer, a gentleman of education and breeding,

and a shrewd observer, has made three visits to the country; and his book has been read with curiosity and approval. His suavity, his compliments, almost too graciously distributed, induce a little prying curiosity as to what he may be saying in the intimacy of after-dinner chat at home in Hungary; yet, if he prefers to drop delicate hints as to our foibles rather than to deposit solid cubes of over-hard facts upon our toes, we desire to show a responsive courtesy. We have been so long on very short rations of polite words.

The earliest effort to discuss the United States in a serious and fair spirit was made by a Frenchman. Some fifty years ago the volumes of Tocqueville, though besprinkled with abundant severities, were widely read and kindly received. Since his day we have been described by a legion of his countrymen, who, faithfully traversing our wide area, have let nothing upon the exterior escape their observation. But they have hardly got at the interior; they do not really understand us, nor greatly like us. Yet they mean to be fair, and they are always civil; they veil their satire under inimitable wit; they give us lively sketches of ourselves, our habits and our ways, and thus they amuse us vastly without much irritating us. M. Bourget's "Outre-mer" (1894), in spite of Mark Twain's sarcasm, has been read by every one; M. Paul Adam's "Vues d'Amérique" has brought delightful evenings to many firesides; M. Gohier's graver volume has been a little less popular; M. Huret has had his limited *clientèle*; Max O'Rell's gayer pages have made the light-minded laugh; M. Tardieu, the latest comer, has been read with great interest. Certainly it is the French traveller who now chiefly attracts the eye of the American reader.

May it be permitted to pause on the threshold of graver discussion, to show

from M. Adam's pages, sometimes serious, more often comic, occasionally burlesque, how the Frenchman holds the American in good-natured amusement? Crossing in a marvellous state-room *de luxe* arranged for Madame Vander Bilt [*sic*] M. Adam discovers that the veneration heretofore reserved for Washington and Lincoln is now lavished upon Carnegie and Morgan. Then, pausing to inspect Ellis Island, the admirably organized immigration station at New York, or rather the mouth of the sewer through which the dregs of Europe are being spilled over America, he paints that variegated scene as no artist in colors could paint it. Among these yellow-clad Arabs, sunburned Macedonians, Sicilians in flannel shirts and silken girdles, he assures the startled reader that there are some who, within twenty years, will be saluted by the millionaires of Wall Street as equals, or even as superiors. The poor foreign devil will lay ties upon a railroad, will economize his wages, buy a bit of land and sell it at a high price to a railway promoter. He will take his gains to New York and become clerk of a land syndicate, will suggest to the managers a bold stroke in business, and so become "l'homme précieux, magnifiquement appointé." Henceforth every morning the barber will shave him and massage his face. He will wear grave suits of clothes and golden chains, sit enthroned in a marble office building, manipulate money and stocks, mutter terse phrases into the telephone, keeping the while one eye upon the tape bringing him quotations from the Stock Exchange. He will soon be at the head of a Trust, when at his bidding towns will rise in desert places, and steamships will sail under flags bearing his initials; he may even organize a World's Fair. Having thus become a "monsieur solide," with gray hair, rubicund cheek, golden teeth, big, lumpy, shining boots, fingers deco-

rated with costly rings, he will lounge at his club, sucking the end of a cigar, spitting surprising distances, and drinking iced water. He will assert American supremacy all over the world in matters of industry and commerce, of war and culture; he will patronize the Latins, despise the English, and admire Germany, though wishing to go to war with her in order to take away the record of victory which she has held for the last fifty years. Now, though all this is immensely impudent and utterly ridiculous, yet the vision of this fictitious Arab "magnate" is for us more droll than the most extravagant *opérahouffe*; and we laugh with inextinguishable merriment, unmixed with the least annoyance.

At Pittsburg, which is not for this Adam a Garden of Eden, he comes across other millionaires, made so by the purchase of a water-power in Manitoba. Yet the artistic sense of this Aladdin in the creation of wealth leads him in time to break the monotony by taking us to the home of a genuine mechanic who, by not buying a water-power, has avoided the prevalent condition of millionairism. This respectable person has the singular name of Fix. M. Adam is very inventive in names; he introduces us to "Master Fram d'Omaha," "Mistress Gloyd de New York," "Miss Gleen de Denver." Fix lives on a broad tree-shaded avenue. Good Mrs. Fix is "jolie, gracieuse, brune; elle rit affablement, vous reçoit en égale." From this simple, happy home we go to "La Tour du Titan," which is French for the Frick building; and the American is astonished at the astonishment of the Frenchman, who describes the halls and offices and the human stream therein, as though, forsooth, he had never before seen well-appointed business quarters and well-occupied men! Are then these "égatigneurs de ciel" so striking and picturesque? asks

the reader, distrustful of such elements in American materialism. Yet herein M. Adam is corroborated by Mgr. Vay de Vaya, who alleges, to our comfort, that we have solved the "architectural problem with daring power and aptness," and that "among the newer high buildings some are fine and even beautiful."

Within the memory of living men no writer on the United States has omitted to speak of "the almighty dollar." Mr. Wells says, "Americans talk dollars to an astonishing extent"; Mgr. Vay de Vaya, more artful, makes the Americans themselves declare, "The dollar has absorbed everything else, and has commenced a veritable reign of terror." M. Bourget speaks of the "tout puissant dollar," and says that the American loves "faire le dollar." The cloud of witnesses has compelled the American to plead guilty, though of late somewhat dubiously. The first saving gleam of scepticism has come to him when, in Europe, he has observed that an Englishman, to get a shilling, will do what the American would not do to get a dollar, and that the Frenchman will save a franc where the American would throw away many dollars. Likewise, when detractors charge him with spendthrift lavishness, while friends of his nation laud the munificence of its rich men, he scents a certain inconsistency. Yet so accustomed is he to acknowledging the defect that he might never have lifted his voice in protest had not Prof. Münsterberg daringly come to his aid. This gentleman, having, in philosophic German fashion, attributed our "colossal industrial successes" to the "instinct for free self-initiative," says that "a German observes immediately that the American does not prize his possessions much unless he has worked for them himself." This seems to signify that "possessions," or money, are the measure of capacity rather than the sole motive of

effort. Again, he says, "If the American were really miserly he would not distribute his property with such a free hand." M. Adam also observes that the American gives away money during his lifetime, whereas the Frenchman distributes it only after his death, thereby making others defray the cost of the generosity which seems to be his. The rich men, says Prof. Münsterberg, taking thought for their children, are apt to show very practically their opinion "that the possession of money that is not self-earned is not a blessing." In the same vein he informs us that the American cares "much less for the possession than for the getting" of money.

As to the estimation of money and its acquirement, France and the United States are indeed as far apart as possible, while Germany stands in between. The Frenchman prizes money as such; if he can get it without labor, by inheritance or dowry, or by gambling, so much the better. If he loses it he loses a part of himself. . . . The American has exactly the opposite idea. Not only does he endure loss with indifference, and despise gain which is not earned, but he would not for any price give up the occupation of making money; . . . and, as no scholar or artist would ever think of saying that he had done enough work, . . . so no American thinks of giving up his regular business. . . . The profession of living from the income of investments is virtually unknown. . . . A man who does not work at anything, no matter how rich he is, can neither get nor keep a social status.

To these general propositions there are many individual exceptions, yet they are in the main true. Rich young men generally go into business in pursuance of a natural taste, or in deference to public opinion, or because they find business to be the most interesting, absorbing, and exciting game which is being played in life. What is poker at the club in comparison with the

great competitions of skill, daring, and intelligence in the turmoil of active affairs? So, M. Bourget says that, in pursuing wealth, the American really seeks "*une surexcitation d'activité, l'affirmation de sa personne*"; and Mr. Lowes Dickinson, in his "Modern Symposium," notes "the aversion to anything which is not work." All this, while not excluding a liking for the dollar, at least mitigates its more offensive aspect. On the other hand, of course, many sons of millionaires, especially in such cities as New York and Pittsburg, are worthless fellows, and are generally held in low esteem. Whether these young men, at present not very numerous, are only pioneers; whether modern fortunes, too great to be dissipated, will produce in America the effects which wealth has always produced everywhere else—these are questions of the future.

Further, our German friend supports with comforting evidence his foregoing views, adducing, among other matters, the bridal dower. "In Germany or France a man looks on a wealthy marriage as one of the most reliable means of getting an income"; and "in fact the general commercial character of marriage in reputable European society everywhere always surprises Americans. . . . [American] husbands would feel it a disgrace to depend upon prosperous fathers-in-law." This is not the rule among the very rich; but, as a broad general statement, it will stand. The squinting eye which the European turns upon the dowry, while making love to the girl, is a very repellent feature according to American opinion. In a cognate matter the American comes off less well. The readiness of the American heiress to wed with the scions, often disreputable, of the English or Continental nobility leads to comments not pleasant for her countryman. In vain he says that these ladies are very few; for, in fact,

they are conspicuous, pieces of value on the chess-board, and therefore in a way symbols or exponents.

M. Bourget sketches amusingly the fathers-in-law whom these brides bring with them, or more willingly leave behind them. The specimen selected is a graduate from the pork-packing house of the Armour's of Chicago; at twenty he was living in a "lean-to"; at forty he is worth five millions of dollars, a few years later ten millions, and is nearing the fifteen-million mark when he dies, "*beau-père d'un lord anglais ou grand-père de jeunes princes italiens, mais familièrement regretté ou maudit sous son petit-nom de Jim, de Tom, ou de Billy, par ses ouvriers, selon qu'il aura su s'en faire aimer ou s'en faire haïr.*" If M. Bourget had not oddly forgotten, among others, the notorious Castellane alliance, he would have admitted his compatriots to the distinguished society of English lords and Italian princes. The picture is a trifle fanciful, but demands only the allowance usually accorded to writers seeking to be entertaining as well as reasonably truthful. But, while the American is severe upon his countrywoman, he puzzles Europeans by being more severe upon her husband. The man who seeks a wife to meet the bills for his pleasures is at the bottom of the scale in the United States. In these matrimonial dealings the American holds it vastly less ignoble to buy than to sell; the owner of the money may purchase any rubbish that is in the market, and in so doing is not worse than foolish; but the man who brings the honorable distinction of his family into the marketplace the American regards as degraded.

To descend from the dazzling empyrean of the "magnates," or men of many millions, to those of a few only, the demigods in this plutocratic theogony—many of these worthy persons

stay quietly at home, uneasy with their money, pathetically conscious, as Mgr. Vay de Vaya says, that they do not know how to spend it. Far greater numbers, however, invade Europe, where, in the innocence of vanity, ignorance, and bad taste, they incur a ridicule which is unfortunately extended to their countrymen in general. If their ostentation and extravagance are odious, their boastfulness is a thousand-fold worse; the braggart habit is common to all nations, but by no other people has it been developed so detestably as among Americans. If the "bird of freedom," which Emerson long ago said was very like a peacock, would shriek only in his own land, it would not matter. If the blatant nonsense of self-glorification were uttered only by "prancing" Fourth-of-July orators and occasional Congressmen on their own soil, it would be our private affair. But, when our travelling citizens join in the strident concert, the mischief is of national importance. Mr. Brooks assures us that the deplorable habit is in the course of diminution; and his more judicious countrymen devoutly pray that the process may be swift.

Meanwhile, however, satirists and novelists of the school of Mr. Henry James make the American *nouveau riche* their especial prey, and are sending him down to posterity in most distasteful portraits. Regarded simply as satire, their work may be justifiable; for it is understood that the satirist paints only follies, and paints them at their worst; but, if these are offered as sufficient pictures, presenting a fair and truthful whole, there is gross injustice. M. Adam, with broader vision, says:

Les Américains jugent équitablement. Ils admirent Pierpont Morgan, Rockefeller, et Armour. Ils vénèrent la psychique de ces inventeurs autant que celle du peintre Sargent et de leur

amiral Dewey. Ils estiment que les collaborateurs de Carnegie, pour concevoir le Steel-trust, déploierent autant d'intelligence que Walt Whitman pour écrire une ode. Ils croient que, pour faire de l'argent, comme pour faire des poèmes, l'intelligence et le savoir sont également nécessaires.

The cosmopolitan Vay de Vaya also says that the "roughest of these diamonds" often "displays qualities of unusual value"; and "one may learn a great deal from him that is of real worth." Mr. Wells, intolerant of accumulated wealth, grumbles because these men,

who are creating the greatest system of correlated private properties in the world who are wealthy beyond all precedent, seem for the most part to be men with no ulterior dream or aim. . . . They want, and they get; they are inspired by the brute will in their wealth to have more wealth and more, to a sympathetic ardor. They are men of a competing, patient, enterprising, acquisitive enthusiasm.

Now, to us in the United States, this language indicates not only prejudice but also an absurdly inadequate appreciation of facts. We who have under daily observation our promoters of great undertakings, who know the originality, the scope and force of the qualities of mind and character which go to the development and management of our vast railroad systems and our enormous industrial enterprises, deem such a reading of them feeble, if not foolish. A man who is combining and managing a railroad system of ten or fifteen thousand or more miles, or who is presiding over an industrial corporation capitalized for many hundreds of millions of dollars, with its factories and warehouses scattered through many states, does not have much leisure for "ulterior dreams and aims." He is doing well and efficiently the work which his hands find to do; and such

work is certainly a thousandfold more exigent of intellectual power, of will, courage, and persistence, than would be the writing of a small library of books even though clever above the average.

Lurking in an insufficient concealment in these discussions, one describes the "self-made man," the *nouveau riche*, who has a terrible propensity for always thrusting himself into notoriety. One English writer suggests that in England a title of nobility has been found to have a wonderfully beneficial influence upon him; but this cure is not practicable in the United States. His is the one type which seems universal, which pervades the whole civilized world, if we know how to recognize it there. Peasantries are widely unlike in their ways; even between aristocracies it is permissible for an outsider to suppose that manners differ, just as there is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon; but the traits of "self-made" men are much the same everywhere. Naturally the abundant opportunities of the United States make these men especially numerous there; but no sound reason exists for supposing the American specimens to be exceptionally disagreeable. If we except the Italians, we see that the manners of each and every people are scantily commended by all other peoples; and when this national prejudice is reinforced by type-prejudice, the victim is likely to suffer more than his demerits usually warrant.

Vastly more important that the measure of good or ill breeding of the American rich man is the question how he discharges the obligations of wealth. Mgr. Vay de Vaya, dazed by the scenes at the fashionable resorts, alleges a "wild race of extravagance, an outrageous waste of money"; and of course this is true. But the obverse of the medal shows a much greater number of our rich men as not less

prodigal in giving than a few are in squandering; while just observers credit them with a careful purpose to give wisely. Prof. Münsterberg speaks of the

spirit of almost exaggerated benevolence [which] inspires the gift of unlimited money, advice, time and strength. . . . The readiness of the American to give to good purposes is the more impressive the closer one looks. From a distance one sees gifts of millions of dollars. . . . But the person who is nearer the scene observes that there is also the widow's mite; and that the well-to-do middle class often gives away a proportion of income that seems almost too large, according to European ideas. And this giving is never a thoughtless throwing away; the giver always investigates, . . . fulfils his benevolent duties thoughtfully and intelligently. Vanity hardly figures at all.

Mr. Wells, still plaintive, notes a lack of co-ordination; the givers give aimlessly, to a variety of objects, according to their respective fancies. This again sounds to our ears as capricious and unintelligent. Shall there be established among large givers a great "National Giving Trust?" Must one of them, familiar with needs in one part of the continent, and ready in some year to give liberally to aid those needs, postpone or subordinate his giving in the fanciful hope of later co-operating with other givers who in other years and other regions would like to aid those needs? This seems absurd; yet, if this it not what "co-ordination" signifies, Mr. Wells should explain. M. Adam, taking the opposite view, blames French givers for lack of variety and originality; they can only endow hospitals, thus caring only for those who are passing away; while the American aids also those who are coming forward, those on whom the future of mankind depends. In short, he approves the American way; and Ameri-

cans agree with him. To like purport M. Bourget, speaking of the college for young women at Wellesley, Massachusetts, founded by a rich lawyer, says:

Cette tentative est due—comme toutes celles que le voyageur rencontre dans ce pays où l'Etat n'est rien—à la bonne volonté privée. Au risque d'être monotone, il ne faut pas se lasser de répéter cette observation: Tout s'éclaire dans les établissements éducationnels des Etats-Unis quand on les comprend comme un immense acte de foi dans la bienfaisance sociale de l'énergie individuelle livrée à elle-même.

While it seems a little audacious on Mr. Wells' part to venture to prophesy of "The Future in America" after devoting only a few weeks to his study of the present, yet in the direction of his interest he catches quickly and shrewdly the facts of the situation. Naturally the outlook for socialism in the United States is the pre-eminently valuable part of his work; and evidently the matter does not stand as he would have it. He wanted to see things which he did not see, and he saw many things which greatly vexed him. He learned that most American socialism is not native to the soil, but, like the gipsy-moth, the slum, and other objectionable things, has come by importation. He saw two powerful influences arrayed against it—a general prosperity, and the American tendency to individualism. He saw that "nowhere else in the world is property so widely diffused"; and he observed, almost indignantly, that even in the "filthy back streets" of the East side of New York "these people have money to spend." Like others, Mr. Wells noted the individualistic habit; and he recognized it as an anti-toxin destructive of those doctrines which he loves. Prof. Münsterberg, as has been said, calls this habit "the instinct for free self-

initiative"; and by this phraseology he lends a pleasing dignity to that which the American has crudely conceived to be mere self-assertion. Mgr. Vay de Vaya says, more simply, that the American "is accustomed to be independent from his early years, does what he thinks right, and makes or mars his own fortunes." Only the Frenchmen note that the American likes to work in partnerships or syndicates; signifying thereby, however, not a lack of individualism, but a purpose to increase power by co-operation, a process which the American practises with eminent efficiency. Individualism would be expected *a priori* in a new country, where no man is hampered by traditions or severely pressed by established conditions; when opportunities are so numerous, the young man asks only to be "let alone," confident of his power to grasp some one of them. In the same spirit the mechanic of old American stock detests the trade-union, though sometimes obliged to belong to it; and the real force of these unions lies in their foreign membership. The genuine American desires full ownership of himself and his own qualities; he rebels against being told when, or how long, or with whom, he shall work or stop working, or how much he may produce or earn; he has a profound contempt for men who must be led, who cannot stand up save when propped by their comrades. In a word he is as independent and as rebellious now as he was in the colonial days.

The "native American" spirit, then, is all for individualism, all against socialism, and hardly less against trade-unionism. It is a question, however, whether those forces of assimilation, which are loaded with so many duties and in which so much confidence is placed, will enable this American spirit to conquer. At present the outlook is somewhat the other way. Mr. Wells, though discouraged by the unfortunate

conditions of contentment, high wages, and comfort, imagines that "a slow reluctant process of disillusionment with individualism is interestingly traceable through the main political innovations of the last twenty years"; and he alleges that "the American community is discovering a secular extinction of opportunity, and the appearance of powers against which individual enterprise and competition are hopeless." He may be cheered also by Mr. Whibley's surprising and original discovery of "a general diffusion of poverty." How far Mr. Wells is seeing facts and how far only visions, time alone can tell. He has, however, visited only the great aggregations of the artisan classes; and he ignores the powerful and growing agricultural community, occupying the vast central regions, and daily becoming a stronger bulwark against social-

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ism. M. Bourget thinks that the "granger" agitation of a few years ago may yet be revived with disturbing results; and his views may seem to be sustained by the recent persistent and crippling legislative assaults upon railroad corporations. In fact, however, when "grangerism" was rampant, the farmers were heavily in debt. Then they were clearing their lands of stumps; now they are clearing them of mortgages; and they are doing it rapidly. Already they are prosperous and substantial citizens with unencumbered freeholds and money in the bank, individualists to a man, and by no means hostile to property in general, or to the railroads which they must use. The matter is pure "business" with them; they are pressing the railroads close to the breaking-point; when they find that point they will not press beyond it.

John T. Morse.

(To be concluded.)

TENNYSON'S RELIGIOUS POETRY.

Tennyson's work, like that of all men whose eye-level is that of their contemporaries alone, will be forgotten, or enshrined only in school primers—forgotten, that is to say, with some exceptions. . . . Tennyson was at once the poet of his time and of his class. Unfortunately for future fame both time and class have lost their potency. The mid-Victorian age is gone. The empire of the middle-classes has faded with it into the past. [He must now give place to other writers who] exemplify the present age as truly and as ephemerally as did Tennyson that in which he lived. . . . Tennyson was a great poet of his time. But "Ou sont ils donc les neiges d'antan?"

These remarks, published recently in a widely-read weekly journal, have also been made equivalently in many other critics of Tennyson's poetry which have appeared on the occasion of the centenary of his birth. The technical rules

for writing, in prose as in verse, have doubtless been better formulated in our own time than they were fifty years ago. More persons, in consequence, are able to express themselves in readable English. But I think that posterity will say of the early twentieth century what Pope said of the early eighteenth: "ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss." It is an age in which critics are many, distinguished critics few. And it is an age in which fashion is all-powerful, and therefore a false verdict may have an obstinate life if accident makes it fashionable. Let one prominent man give utterance to a piece of criticism which sounds interesting and arresting, and a hundred will repeat it—so mechanically and blindly that they may, perhaps, miss the qualification which made it even possible for any intelligent person to

have said it without positive absurdity. Instead of making the original criticism more precise and discriminating, they rob it of its subtlety and turn it into a popular cry. And the cry grows in confidence as it loses in justice. It is raised to the rank of an unquestionable discovery by "mutual cheers and *imprimaturs*," to use the witty phrase coined by Cardinal Newman in his 86th year. Thus the just remark of really able critics, that Tennyson gave voice to the sentiments and aspirations of his time, and spoke out what was in the hearts of many of his contemporaries, has issued in the ridiculous mob-cry of the papers that he did no more, that he wrote little or nothing which was for all time, which represented what is permanent in human nature. This is said of the writer who has, perhaps, given us more lines which live in the language as proverbs than any other since Shakespeare. The crowning absurdity was reached by a recent lecturer who applied the cant criticism to Tennyson's religious poetry, and treated as mid-Victorian its alternating moods of faith and doubt: and his remarks were received with a sympathy which showed that he knew his ground, and was repeating what is accepted by up-to-date critics. To forestall any one who may cite, in reply to me, an obvious fact which the lecturer doubtless had in mind, it may, of course, be conceded that the scientific movement of the nineteenth century did throw into a state of religious doubt many minds which would at other times have been untouched by it. The number of persons whose attention was turned to reflection on religious thought was multiplied. The number who realized the alternative views in question was therefore unusually large. But among those who do reflect on the grounds of faith, the double attitude presented in such a poem as "*In Memoriam*" is the least ephemeral character-

istic of such reflection. The recognition of the witness of the spirit to religious truth, and the witness of certain aspects of the phenomenal world and of the critical intellect against it, is found in every great religious thinker. Pascal was not mid-Victorian. Kant was not mid-Victorian. Coleridge was not mid-Victorian. The attitude in question was prominent in thinkers who nevertheless accepted definite dogma. Cardinal Newman wrote most of his sermons "on the theory of religious belief" when Queen Victoria was a child. Even St. Thomas Aquinas was not without a certain imaginative sympathy with the attitude of doubt. The contest, too, between immemorial tradition which tells for religion, and rationalistic criticism which attacks it, is an unceasing one. Euripides was not a mid-Victorian, and it was he who wrote "we do not reason about the gods. Our ancestral traditions and those which are coeval with time—no mere argument can overthrow them." It is, thus, the ignoring of an obvious fact that makes such criticism on Tennyson, as that to which I refer, possible. Then, fired by their discovery that "*In Memoriam*" was only a record of peculiarities in the mid-Victorian mind, the critics "go one better" and tell us that Tennyson was no thinker. For it was not necessary to be a thinker in order to set down what every one else was thinking. And even more adventurous writers have explained that he did not understand modern science. These journalists (I may remark) hold a different opinion from that of Huxley, who once said to the present writer, in the course of a criticism of Tennyson by no means entirely favorable, "But his grasp of the present trend of physical science is wonderful—equal. I should say, to that of the greatest experts."

Probably the real cause of the disparagement of Tennyson is much the

same as that which terminates the reign of many a Government. "He has had a long innings, let us get rid of him and give others a turn." Seven years may see his rule restored and little of the present mob-cry will then be remembered; while the accompanying criticisms which are really valuable and discriminating will survive.

A word more may, perhaps, usefully be said concerning the view of Tennyson's religious poetry, evidenced in the verdict above recorded. Those who uphold it seem to regard the alternating moods of faith and doubt, which he is so fond of presenting, as peculiar to the crisis through which the Christian view of the universe passed in the intellectual world, owing to the various developments of thought and research in the nineteenth century. Geology, physiology, Biblical criticism, and the study of Christian origins each played its part. It is common to hear such critics of Tennyson say, that in the earlier stages of these scientific movements religious doubt was inevitable and natural; that now, however, scientific results are formulated and known; that the controversy has assumed, therefore, definite shape, and a strong man takes unequivocally one side or the other—which Tennyson fails to do. But this is surely to identify the occasion and form of Tennyson's utterances with their essence. He does take one side, though he sees two. He depicts an eternal contest, though at times its form is determined by contemporary speculation. The philosophy of necessity is far older than Christianity itself, though a prominent movement of the sciences may give it new vogue. Lucretius held it in a more uncompromising form than Huxley. And it led him to say that the gods were the creation of human fears. If "In Memoriam," in its faithful autobiographical record, presents vividly moods of thought which were colored by the

science of the moment, its alternations between faith and doubt represent something far more permanent in human nature. They are the record in Browning's words of

. . . Hopes and fears
As old and new at once as Nature's
self.

Ultimate indecision is not the characteristic of Tennyson's thought on these subjects, but rather the realization of two ways of looking at life and the world. Tennyson showed this same phase of mind earlier, in the "Confessions of a Sensitive Mind" and in "The Two Voices." In its more mature form it had less and less the character of doubt, more and more that of realizing alternative views—one seen to be superficial though plausible, the other deeper and truer.

How entirely outside the special needs or peculiarities of the Victorian age in England Tennyson himself placed this vein of thought, may be seen in two poems to which (in this connection) he attached great importance, "The Ancient Sage," and "The Dream of Akbar." "Akbar" has for time the 16th century, for place the Mogul Empire; The Ancient Sage lives in the East, long before the Christian era. He does not even know the phrase, "God" as monotheists use it; but speaks only of the "Nameless" power which is felt in the conscience of man and to which he ascribes the existence of the universe. Neither of these poems, perhaps, ranks with his greater efforts, as poetry pure and simple—though each contains most memorable lines. But their interest for those who wish to know the thoughts which exercised the poet in the evening of life is great. They appeared in the "Tiresias" and "Cenone" volumes, respectively. Every one knows "In Memoriam," but probably not so many read "The Ancient Sage," therefore I

need not apologise for giving an account of it, as a specimen of the poet's later manner and thought.

The poem is dramatic, and the personality of the two interlocutors is a very important element in it viewed as a work of art. An aged seer of high, ascetic life, a thousand years before the birth of Christ, holds intercourse with a younger man

that loved and honored him, and yet
Was no disciple, richly garbed, but
worn
From wasteful living . . .

The younger man has set down his reflections on the philosophy of life in a set of verses which the ancient sage reads, commenting, as the reading proceeds, on the various views put forth. There seems to be a deep connection between the personal characteristics of the two men,—their habits and modes of living,—and their respective views. The younger man is wearied with satiety, impatient for immediate pleasure—

Yet wine and laughter, friends! and set
The lamps alight, and call
For golden music, and forget
The darkness of the pall—

He is dismayed by the first appearance of difficulty and pain in the world, as he had been satisfied for a time with the immediate pleasures within his reach. He is unable to steady the nerve of his brain (so to speak) and trace the riddle of pain and trouble in the universe to its ultimate solution. In thought, as in conduct, he is filled and swayed by the immediate inclination and the first impression, without self-restraint and without the habits of concentrated reflection which go hand-in-hand with self-restraint. Failing, in consequence, to have any steady view of his own soul or of the spiritual life within, he is impressed, probably, by experience, with this one

truth, that uncontrolled self-indulgence leads to regret and pain; and he is, consequently, pessimistic in his ultimate view of things. The absence of spiritual light makes him see only the immediate pain and failure in the universe. He has no patience to look beyond or to reflect if there be not an underlying and greater purpose which temporary failure in small things may further, as the death of one cell in the human organism is but the preparation for its replacement by another, and a part of the body's natural growth and development.* It is a dissipated character and a dissipated mind. The intangible beauty of moral virtue finds nothing in the character capable of assimilating it; the spiritual truth of God's existence and the spiritual purpose of the universe elude the mind.

In marked contrast stands forth the "Ancient Sage." He has no taste for the dissipations of the town:

I am wearied of our city, son, and go
To spend my one last year among the
hills.

His gospel is a gospel of self-restraint and long-suffering, of action for high ends regardless of the inclination of the moment:

Let be thy wall and help thy fellow
men,
And make thy gold thy vassal, not
thy king,
And fling free alms into the beggar's
bowl,
And send the day into the darkened
heart;
Nor list for guerdon in the voice of
men,
A dying echo from a falling wall:
Nor roll thy vlands on a luscious
tongue,
Nor drown thyself with flies in honied
wine.

And more—think well; Do well will fol-
low thought.

And the patience and self-control which enable him to work for great purposes and spiritual aims, and to refrain from being mastered by passing inclination, characterize, also, his thought. "Things are not what they seem," he holds. The first view is ever incomplete, though he who has not sobriety and patience of thought will not get beyond the first view. That concentration of thought and that purity of manners which keep the spiritual soul and self undimmed, and preserve the moral voice within articulate, are indispensable if we are to understand anything beyond the most superficial phenomena about us. The keynote is struck in the very first words which the Seer speaks:

This wealth of waters might but seem
to draw
From yon dark cave; but, son, the
source is higher,
Yon summit half-a-league in air—and
higher,
The cloud that hides it—higher still,
the heavens
Whereby the cloud was moulded, and
whereout
The cloud descended. Force is from
the heights.

"Force is from the heights," is the thought which underlies the sage's interpretation of all that perplexes the younger man. We cannot fully understand what is beyond and above us, but if we are wise we shall steadily look upwards, and enough light will eventually be gained for our guidance. "*Lucerna pedibus meis verbum tuum.*" As God's law is enough to guide our footsteps, though we cannot hope to understand His full counsel, so the light by which the spiritual world is disclosed is sufficient for those who reverently and attentively gaze upwards, though the disclosure is only gradual and partial. If we are said not to know what we cannot submit in its entirety to scientific tests, we can never

know anything worth knowing. If, again, we are to disbelieve in the spiritual world because it is filled with mystery, what are we to say of the mysteries which face us in this earth—inexplicable yet undeniable? The conception of God is not more mysterious than the thought that a grain of sand may be divided a million times, and yet be no nearer its ultimate division than it is now. Time and space are full of mystery. A man under chloroform has been known to pass many hours of sensation in a few minutes. Time is made an objective measure of things, and yet its phenomena are so subjective that Kant conceived it to have no real existence. When the younger man complains that "the Nameless Power or Powers that rule were never heard nor seen," the Sage thus replies:

If thou wouldst hear the Nameless, and
wilt dive
Into the temple cave of thine own self,
There, brooding by the central altar,
thou
Mayst haply learn the Nameless hath a
voice,
By which thou wilt abide, if thou be
wise,
As if thou knewest, tho' thou canst not
know;
For knowledge is the swallow on the
lake
That sees and stirs the surface-shadow
there
But never yet hath dipped into the
abysm,
The abysm of all abysms, beneath,
within
The blue of sky and sea, the green of
earth,
And in the million millionth of a grain,
Which cleft and cleft again for ever
more,
And ever vanishing never vanishes,
To me, my son, more mystic than my-
self,
Or even than the Nameless is to me.

And so, too, when the youth calls for further proof of the "Nameless," the Sage reminds him that the most intimately known truths are incapable

of formal proof. The thought which the poet here dwells upon is similar to Cardinal Newman's teaching in the *Grammar of Assent*, though Tennyson's use of words does not here, as elsewhere, harmonize with Catholic doctrine. There are truths, the knowledge of which is so intimately connected with our own personality, that the material for complete formal proof eludes verbal statement. We reject, for example, with a clear and unerring instinct, the notion that when we converse with our friends, the words and thoughts which come to us proceed possibly from some principle within us and not from an external cause, and yet it is not a matter on which we can offer logical proof. The same sensations *could* conceivably be produced from within, as they are in a dream. Logical proof, then, has (so the Ancient Sage maintains) to be dispensed with in much that is of highest moment:

Thou canst not prove that thou art
body alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art
spirit alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art
both in one:
Thou canst not prove thou art immortal,
no
Nor yet that thou art mortal—nay, my
son,
Thou canst not prove that I, who speak
with thee,
Am not thyself in converse with thy-
self,
For nothing worthy proving can be
proven,
Nor yet disproven.

And close upon this follows the beautiful passage in which the hopeful and wistful upward gaze of faith is described. While melancholy and perplexity constantly attend on the exercises of the speculative intellect, we are to "cling to faith":

She reels not in the storm of warring
words,
She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and
"No,"

She sees the best that glimmers thro'
the worst,
She feels the sun is hid but for a night,
She spies the summer through the win-
ter bud,
She tastes the fruit before the blossom
falls,
She hears the lark within the songless
egg,
She finds the fountain where they
wailed, "mirage."

These lines present to the reader the hopefulness of the spiritual mind, hopefulness not akin to the merely sanguine temperament, but based on a deep conviction of the reality of the spiritual world, and on unfailing certainty that there is in it a key to the perplexities of this universe of which we men understand so little. We know from experience that material Nature is working out her ends, however little we understand the process, and however unpromising portions of her work might appear without this knowledge. That an acorn should have within it forces which compel earth, air and water to come to its assistance and become the oak tree, would seem incredible were it not so habitually known as a fact: and the certainty which such experiences give in the material order, the eye of faith gives in the spiritual order. However perplexing the universe now seems to us we have this deep trust that there is an explanation, and that when we are in a position to judge the whole, instead of looking on from this corner of time and space, the truth of the spiritual interpretation of its phenomena will be clear—"ut iustificeris in sermonibus tuis et vincas cum iudicaris." This view runs not only through the passages I have just quoted, but through all the poem. The poet pleads for steadfast trust and hope in the face of difficulty, as we would trust a known and intimate friend in the face of ominous suspicions.

It is, of course, just that keen reali-

zation of the plausibleness of the sceptical view of life, to which our modern critics object as a sign of weakness, which gives this poem its strength. Such assistance as Tennyson gives us in seeing and realizing the spiritual view is needed only or mainly by those to whom agnosticism in its various forms is a plausible, and, at first sight, a reasonable attitude. The old-fashioned "irrefragable arguments" are of little use by themselves to persons in such a condition. However evident spiritual truths may be to an absolutely purified reason, they are not evident to intellects which are impregnated with a view of things opposed to the religious view. Moreover, we do not consult a doctor with much confidence if he does not believe in the reality of our illness; and one who finds the sceptical view persuasive will have little trust in those who tell him that it has no plausibility at all. With Tennyson, as with Cardinal Newman, as with the secret of his influence in this respect is that the sceptically minded reader finds those very disturbing thoughts which had troubled his own mind anticipated and stated. And yet a truer and deeper view is likewise depicted, which sees through and beyond these thoughts, which detects through the clouds the light in the heavens beyond.

In the "Ancient Sage" there is a striking instance of this characteristic. The young philosopher, filled with the failure of fair promise and the collapse of apparent purpose in Nature and in man, pours forth his sceptical lament. Here is a selection from it, typical of the rest:

The years that made the stripling wise
Undo their work again,
And leave him blind of heart and eyes,
The last and least of men.

His winter chills him to the root,
He withers, marrow and mind,
The kernel of the shrivelled fruit

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Is jutting through the rind;
The tiger spasms tear his chest,
The palsy wags his head;
The wife, the sons, who love him best,
Would fain that he were dead;

The statesman's brain that sway'd the past

Is feeble than his knees;
The passive sailor wrecks at last
In ever-silent seas;
The warrior hath forgot his arms,
The learned all his lore;
The changing market frets or charms
The merchant's hope no more;
The prophet's beacon burned in vain,
And now is lost in cloud;
The ploughman passes bent with pain
To mix with what he ploughed;
The poet whom his age would quote
As heir of endless fame—
He knows not even the book he wrote,
Not even his own name.
For man has overlived his day
And, darkening in the light,
Scarce feels the senses break away
To mix with ancient night.

The Sage—far from denying the force of what he says, far from merely chiding him as having a diseased imagination, and leaving the matter there—contends for a deeper and wider view. The "darkness is in man." It is the result of the incompleteness of his knowledge. That is to say, what is black to his imperfect view, and taken by itself, may be a necessary condition to the rest of the scheme. Not that the things are not really sad, but that the *whole* is not sad. As there may be pain in tears of joy, and yet it is lost in exquisite pleasure, so the dark elements of life, when our ultimate destiny is attained and we can view *age* and suffering as part of the whole, may be so entirely eclipsed, that we may say with truth that the "world is wholly fair":

My son the world is dark with griefs
and graves,
So dark that men cry out against the
Heavens.

Who knows but that the darkness is in
man?
The doors of night may be the gates of
light;
For wert thou lame, or blind or deaf,
and then
Suddenly healed how wouldst thou
glory in all
The splendors and the voices of the
world!
And we, the poor earth's dying race,
and yet
No phantoms, watching from a phan-
tom shore
Await the last and largest sense, to
make
The phantom walls of this illusion fade
And show us that the world is wholly
fair.

"The doors of night may be the gates
of light," says the Sage; and in uni-
son with this note are his replies to
some of the details of the younger
man's wall, while his very argument
presupposes that *all* cannot now be an-
swered until we have the "last and
largest sense." Thus, when the dreary,
hopeless vision of bodily decay, which
seems to point to total dissolution of a
noble nature is referred to, he says:

The shell must break before the bird
can fly.

The breaking of the shell might seem,
at first sight, total destruction, but the
forthcoming of the bird transforms the
conception of decay into a conception
of new birth. And so, too, in answer
to the complaint that "the shaft of
scorn that once had stung, but wakes
the dotard smile," he suggests that a
more complete view may show it to be
"the placid gleam of sunset after
storm." The transition may be not
from intense life to apathy, but from
blinding passion to a serener vision.

Another of the later poems—"Vast-
ness"—brings into especial relief the
parallel I have referred to between
Lord Tennyson and Cardinal Newman
in their keen sense of the mysteries of
the universe. So far as this planet
goes, and our own human race, Card-

nal Newman has expressed this sense
in the *Apologia*, and the parallel be-
tween his view and Tennyson's is suf-
ficiently instructive to make it worth
while to quote the passage in full:

To consider the world in its length
and breadth, its various history, the
many races of man, their starts, their
fortunes, their mutual alienation, their
conflicts; and then their ways, habits,
governments, forms of worship; their
enterprises, their aimless courses, their
random achievements and acquire-
ments, the impotent conclusion of long-
standing facts, the tokens so faint and
broken of a superintending design, the
blind evolution of what turn out to be
great powers and truths, the progress
of things as if from unreasoning ele-
ments, not towards final causes, the
greatness and littleness of man, his far-
reaching aims, his short duration, the
curtain hung over his futurity, the dis-
appointments of life, the defeat of good,
the success of evil, physical pain, men-
tal anguish, the prevalence and intensi-
ty of sin, the pervading idolatries, the
corruptions, the dreary hopeless irrelig-
ion, that condition of the whole race
so fearfully yet exactly described by
the Apostle, "having no hope and with-
out God in the world," all this is a vi-
sion to dizzy and appal; and inflicts
upon the mind the sense of a profound
mystery which is absolutely beyond hu-
man solution.

Lord Tennyson takes in a wider
range of considerations than the Car-
dinal. He paints graphically, not only
the mystery of the lot of mankind, but
the further sense of bewilderment
which arises when we contemplate the
aimlessness of this vast universe of
which our earth is such an inapprecia-
ble fragment. Logically, the poems
asks only the question: "Great or
small, grand or ignoble, what does any-
thing matter if we are but creatures
of the day with no eternal destiny?"
But the grandeur of the poem consists
in the manner in which it sweeps
from end to end of human experience
and knowledge, from thoughts over-

whelming in their vastness, from ideas carrying the mind over the length and breadth of space and over visions of all eternity, to pictures of this planet, with its microscopic details, the hopes, anxieties, plans, pleasures, griefs which make up the immediate life of man. The imagination vacillates between a keen sense of the importance of all, even the smallest, and the worthlessness of all, even the greatest. At one moment comes the thought that one life out of the myriads of lives passed on this tiny planet, if it be lived and given up for righteousness, is of infinite and eternal value, and the next moment comes the sense that the whole universe is worthless and meaningless, if, indeed, the only percipient beings who are affected by it are but creatures who feel for a day and then pass to nothingness. Each picture of the various aspects of human life rouses an instinctive sympathy, and a feeling in the background, "it can't be worthless and meaningless:" and yet the poet relentlessly forces us to confess that it is only some far wider view of human nature and destiny than this world alone can justify, which can make the scenes he depicts of any value. What Mill called "the disastrous feeling of 'not worth while'" threatens the reader at every turn; though the pictures of life in its innumerable aspects of happiness, misery, sensuality, purity, selfishness, self-devotion, ambition, aspiration, craft, cruelty, are so intensely real and rivet the imagination so strongly, that he refuses to yield to the feeling. I subjoin some of the couplets where good and bad, great and small, alternate:

Many a hearth upon our dark globe
sighs after many a vanished face,
Many a planet by many a sun may roll
with the dust of a vanished race,
Raving politics never at rest—as this
poor earth's pale history runs,
What is it all but a trouble of ants in
the gleam of a million million of
suns?

Faith at her zenith, or all but lost in
the gloom of doubts that darken
the schools,

Craft with a bunch of all-heal in her
hand follow'd up by her vassal le-
gion of fools.

Wealth with his wines and wedded
harlots; flatterers gliding the rift
of a throne:

Opulent avarice lean as poverty: honest
poverty bare to the bone;

Love for the maiden crown'd with mar-
riage, no regrets for aught that has
been

Household happiness, gracious children,
debtless competence, golden mean;

National hatreds of whole generations,
and pigmy spite of the village
spire;

Vows that will last to the last death-
ruckle, and vows that are snapt in
a moment of fire:

He that has lived for the lust of a min-
ute, and died in the doing it, flesh
without mind,

He that has nail'd all flesh to the cross
till self died out in the love of his
kind;

Spring, and summer, and autumn, and
winter, and all these old revolu-
tions of earth:

All new-old revolutions of empire—
—change of the tide—what is all
of it worth?

What the philosophies, all the sciences,
poesy, varying voices of prayer?

All that is noblest, all that is basest,
all that is filthy with all that is
fair?

What is it all, if we all of us end in
being our own corpse coffins at
last,

Swallowed in vastness, lost in silence,
drowned in the depths of a mean-
ingless past,

What but a murmur of gnats in the
gloom, of a moment's anger of bees
in their hive.

The thought which seems to oppress
the seer is the insignificance of
everything when compared to a stand-
ard—ever conceivable and ever actual—
above it. The ruts of a ploughed field
may seem to the ant as vast and over-

coming as the Alps seem to us. Then contrast the thought of Mont Blanc with that of the whole globe; proceed from the globe to the solar system, and from that to the myriads of systems lost in space. All that is great to us is relatively great, and becomes small at once when the mind rises higher. So, too, in the moral order, all those aspects of human life which sway our deepest emotions are but "a murmur of gnats in the gloom," if regard be had to our comparative insignificance. The ground yields at every step and the mind looks for some *terra firma*, some absolute basis of trust, and this is only to be found in the conception of man as possessing an eternal destiny. The infinite value of all that concerns an immortal being stands proof against the thoughts that bewildered our vision. "He that has nailed all flesh to the cross till self died out in the love of his kind" may be but a speck in the universe, but faith measures him by a standard other than that of spacial vastness. The idea of the eternal worth of morality steps in to calm the imagination; and this idea in its measure justifies the conception of the value and importance of all the phases of human existence which make up the drama of life. Human love is the side of man's nature which the poet looks to as conveying the sense of his immortal destiny. The undying union of spirit with spirit is a union which the grave cannot end. The bewildering nightmare of the nothingness and van-ity of all things is abruptly cut short, as the sense of what is deepest in the human heart promptly gives the lie to what it cannot solve in detail:

Peace, let it be! for I loved him and
love him ever.
The dead are not dead but alive.

The above analysis of "The Ancient Sage" and "Vastness" is largely taken from a note-book kept by the author,

when the poems first appeared, in Victorian days. He ventures to set it down as being accurate, though doubtless it smacks of the soil in which it first grew. Yet, if we young men took these poems very seriously in those days and wrote of them somewhat prosily, we read them too carefully to pass such judgments as we now see in the newspapers. Comprehensiveness of view is not weakness, though the imagination must vacillate as it takes up alternate positions. To see two sides and not one only is not to be deficient in thinking power. In such a poem as "De Profundis" the element of doubt does not appear at all. Life and death are simply presented in it from the two points of view, the spiritual and the physical. Into "The Ancient Sage" and "Vastness" doubt enters just so far as the purely material view is represented as excluding in certain minds or moods the spiritual view; and the imagination of the spectator must (as I have said) vacillate as it passes to and fro from one view to the other. Which of the two views the poet himself holds to be deeper and truer is not left in any doubt.

I have not here attempted an examination of the earlier poems in which Tennyson touches on the question of religious belief. But I think that his position as clearly defined in the later ones, of which I have spoken, is that which on the whole he held from the first. The "faith in honest doubt" so familiar to readers of "In Memoriam" meant primarily an absolute sincerity in the recognition of all that tells either way in the battle between belief and unbelief. It was the antithesis to the one-sided bigotry which his critics seem to identify with strength. The alternative views of life were brought home vividly to many by the intellectual circumstances of the Victorian age. But they are no more especially Victorian than the tears of Xerxes, when he

looked at the Persian soldiers and reflected that they would all be dead in a hundred years, were especially Persian. In each case such thoughts will belong to life and the world as long as the human race shall last. It is the modern criticism which fails to recognize this

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that is the fashion of an hour and will speedily perish.

But as I feel that the mid-Victorian character of these remarks has probably left me by now "addressing an empty house," I bring them to a close.

Wilfrid Ward.

AS IT HAPPENED.

BOOK III.

THE CHANCES OF TOWN.

CHAPTER II.

SUSAN THE BRIDE.

Thus began tumultuously, at a moment's notice, a wonderful three weeks for little Sue.

Other women are wooed and beckoned by gentlest degrees to this momentous change in life and circumstance. The admiration and shy envy in the eyes of girl friends keep them up; their mothers' promptings hearten and assure; the gates of the home-croft of maidenhood close behind them; the forest glades of matrimony, endless, green, delicious, and mysterious, open as they move; they are led forward with laughter and timbrels; all nature rejoices; peals are rung, and a merry world called to witness and join in their triumph. And all the while, from out the dim forest comes with slow but confident step, the Other One, so strangely dear, so wonderful, the half-dreaded, wholly-desired comrade, the master of the new life that is to be.

In all this Sue had no part. The sanctions with which human society, say, from its beginnings, has guarded its precious things had failed, or well-nigh failed, the girl at her need. Through no fault of hers, her young life was caught by the current or ever she was aware, swept along to the fall, whirled to the brink, and over. Morally it was a marriage by capture as

fully as any rudest nuptial in the dim red dawn of man and woman.

But of this again she was ignorant, as of so much else which it behoved her to know. For the moment her little heart, of late so inexpressibly lonely and sad, was filled with abounding gratitude. The image which she, in common with every happily wedded daughter of Eve, had constructed of her husband, was of a magnificently condescending, all-glorious personality. A much-travelled Odysseus, home from his warfaring, had stooped to rescue and ennoble with his love (think, with his love!) a piece of helpless girlhood, all ignorance and poverty. It was marvellous. Her heart swelled to think that of all womankind she—just she—had been singled out for the honor, the mercy of this well-nigh divine beneficence.

Shall we wonder, then, that the first fortnight of her brief honeymoon was a white-magical time, or that London seemed an enchanted city swept with merry winds of laughter, sunlit and pulsating with life and glee, bolsterous, amazing, such as she had never conceived of as possible in her hitherto cloistered round of home duties and gentle affections?

Shall we compare it to the first evening of winged life that comes to some great fawn-and-purple hawk-moth? The constriction and darkness of its

ten months' prison have given place to bewildering lights and alluring savors. Its new senses, all unversed in the impressions pouring in upon them, are tingling for experience, its limbs for action. Those new and marvellous wings, untried as yet, are uncrumpling, expanding, vibrating, are feeling for the elastic uprush of scented air that shall support them. Its big round eyes, all wonder and haste and pathetic ignorance, are moving, shining. Ah me, think of it; and think of this girl, just such a child of nature, aglow with health, a-tingle with life, and flushed, ere she was ready or warned, with the strong wine of a first passion.

Her little heart danced in her bosom all day, and twenty times a day she looked her hero over from top to toe, turning upon him starry eyes of admiration.

Doubt not that there were reactions, too; but that masterful and engrossing creature, her husband, absorbed her, body and soul. All the primal woman in her bowed in worship before his brawny strength; the mighty limbs seamed and pitted with the records of his conflicts thrilled her with rapture. She kissed his scars, shuddered as he told the story of each; lies, alas! albeit of the nine, four had been gotten in honorable warfare, if not as picturesquely as he could have desired. As to the small white pistol-punctures he must needs be silent or invent, and having begun 'twas so easy to go on. To this adventurer romancing was an effective and pleasing form of self-expression: so he romanced as to each and all, watching the dotting, innocent eyes of his child-bride dilate with wonder as he regaled her with tales of exploits, every third word a lie, more duly told than the Turk's tribute. At this exercise the bravado of the man overstepped caution. Sue listened and marvelled, and felt at first wonder, then confusion, upbraiding herself for doubt

when he plainly contradicted himself, but at length relapsing to a pained silence and lack of further interest: the first cloud.

"Sure as my name is Boyle!" out it popped—once. Sue's wonder was appeased with: "A cant word in me old mess, me love." She *would* not entertain a doubt.

So sped her three weeks of passion, a delirium of marvels on which her long and happy after-life looked back with tremulous wonder. How could she have loved him so—or at all? So might some slow-blooded citizen of the old time, whom the sudden onset of an enemy had at a moment's notice converted to a hero, review in old age the fierce hour when he, even he, a gold-beater, or loriner, or peaceful needleman, had swung bill and stabbed hotly knee to knee in the press until the French Fury ebbed away and old Antwerp was saved.

As for her master, he grasped his cup of delight with both hands and gulped fast, putting from him the thought of the future. He left to himself and to his pathetically grateful girl-wife small time for reflection. If London was new to her it was as new to him; and whilst the money lasted he was for seeing and doing whatever was to be seen and done. It was an interlude of respectability and clean living. The man was amazed at his own capacity for innocent pleasure, and for a fortnight felt himself a boy again. From the Tower lions and Greenwich Hospital to St. Paul's, the Abbey, and the Parks, nothing came amiss to him while that delicious face was at his side, that small, soft hand upon his arm. The pace was hot, for the time was short. The girl loved him for his lavish generosity, nor knew that the money which was flying was her own, nor remembered the lengthening bill at their lodging in America Square, a little backwater between Crutched

Friars and the Minorities. All went gaily in the main; the gray weather of a London winter was softened and gilded and rose-tinted by the fingers of the mad little god, nor were her bright eyes opened to the drift of it all, nor dimmed with tears, until that rueful night when, after long waiting, her husband, her benefactor, whose pity for her distress had, as she proudly told her heart, warmed to love for herself, returned to her arms brutally drunk, and awaked the next morning savagely sober, hating himself, a changed man, with a detestable, unavowed purpose.

CHAPTER III.

MONDAY AT DUDDINGSTONE HOUSE.

Duddingstone House stood in Piccadilly, at the corner of Half-Moon Street, upon ground since occupied by a wine-merchant's shop. A red-brick-and-stone mansion designed by a pupil of Mr. Inigo Jones, its tall, narrow ground-floor windows were barred Spanish fashion, the better to secure the treasures collected by the first two Viscounts Duddingstone, father and son, who, caring neither for sport, women, nor politics, had amassed such a cabinet of marbles, pictures, medals, and gems as was hardly to be matched in Northern Europe.

The second viscount had indulged a taste for statuary and old masters, had travelled in Italy with Walpole, and enjoyed the hospitality of Mann—friendships which had descended to his son, who corresponded regularly by every mail with His Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Florence, and dined with, and was jealous of the master of the fabulous treasures of Strawberry Hill. In fact, the two virtuos, the gouty old gentleman, soon willy-nilly to be Earl of Orford, and the third Viscount Duddingstone, were rivals. Walpole could with difficulty

stomach the son of his old friend, his own pupil in matters of taste, bidding against him for a Byzantine missal, its covers encrusted with uncut carbuncles, or for a Greek urn of the best period, perfect as the day it left its maker's hands—prizes which the poorer man was never to secure, for the Collector of His Majesty's Customs, clerk of the Pells and Auditor of Imprest, had a bottomless purse.

Nor was my Lord Duddingstone altogether at his ease in the presence of a man who had taught him the best of all that he knew, whose hand, though crippled, outreached him for whatever it chose to grasp, and whose agents were everywhere, and only to be outwitted by superior agility and stealth.

Yet they dined together from habit, and got upon one another's nerves over the Bordeaux, which was all that either dared take, by elaborately casual revelations of successes; a gold inlaid sword-guard from sealed Japan, a *Jude capta* in mint state from the temple of Juno Moneta itself.

It was the costliness of his hobby which had driven my Lord Duddingstone into politics. Money he must have, and money was to be got for a vote which he hated giving, but cared not to whom he gave if it had to be given at all. Coming thus into the arena late, he had surprised himself and his party by displaying in a novel field the acuteness hitherto restricted to detecting the forgeries and impositions of dealers, and to the outwitting of rival virtuos. At the India House in Leadenhall Street he was already a power, and thoroughly enjoyed exercising his newly discovered faculty. He had placed his own pocket-borough of Hedon at the service of the Company, and had negotiated the purchase of Bossiney and Beeralston for the Honorable Court; in a word, the late middle-age, or second youth, of the third

Lord Duddingstone might have been the happiest period of his life, but for an untoward circumstance for which there was no remedy. He was the father of a fool.

King Solomon has described this calamity from personal experience. I do not propose to compete with so classic an authority. Let it suffice that the Honorable Frederick Pelham Scrivener (Scrivener is the family name of the Duddingstones) possessed some of the less endearing traits of the youthful Rehoboam. Discipline, encouragement, and opportunity were wasted upon him; his tastes traversed those of his ancestors in every particular: the lad would sooner run a mile than look at a medal, or sit out a dozen cock-fights than con a codex. Where his book was concerned the young gentleman was bone-idle; he had low tastes and was a liar; worst of all, he lay under something graver than suspicion of pilfering from his father's cabinet.

It was a heart-breaking business for the Viscount; recurrent depredations had at first been set down to thieves; later to servants; dilettanti visitors were eyed askance. The place was fortified and watched like a madhouse, but costly trifles still disappeared, for the father could not bring himself to suspect his offspring. "I hung the shutters with bells and wires until I could scarce turn in my bed without setting the place a-jingling. I kept dogs until the house stank, and neither I nor my neighbors could sleep, but —" in a word, the fact was at length patent.

The young rascal must be sent from home. But whither? The Grand Tour, as played with variations by his father and grandfather was out of the question. France was closed to the English traveller for the moment, and was likely to be inhospitable for years to come. Italy was not to be thought of; the "Woman Country" of the poet

would probably present to this booby scion of a learned stock allurements of a different kind from those which had charmed his ancestors. This was a cub which no bear-leader could keep upon the chain.

With what puzzled disgust, think you, did the disappointed father peruse the lineaments of his son. "Not mine, not one of 'em; nor his poor mother's; God rest her soul!" No, this hawbuck, half bully, half sneak, a terror to the maids, but, where a man was in the case, sensitively solicitous for the integrity of his noble skin, this domestic Cataline, *alieni appetens, sui profusus*, must needs be a throw-back to a *mésalliance* of six generations earlier. Several of our good families have some ancestor (or ancestress) who serves as whipping-boy for disapproving descendants. Irregular tendencies, vagrant tastes, and personal defects are charged to the account of a disreputable old ghost, but for whose interposition it is assumed that the race would have bred true to type.

"Confound that Molly Horrocks!" muttered the third Viscount Duddingstone, whose one successful effort at paternity had resulted in perpetuating the single undesirable strain in his blood.

There were Darwinians before Darwin.

"*Patria potestas*. Did ye never hear of it? Ignoramus!" grunted the exasperated father, looking over the tops of his glasses at his heir, convicted but unabashed. "Boy, in old Rome I should probably have put ye to death—yes, 'life and limb'—yes; and the Senate would have approved and given me choice of lads of the best families for adoption."

"Lord, sir! ye don't say so?" exclaimed the Honorable Fred, examining the condition of his tongue in a pocket mirror.

"Thieves are hanged daily, and why

not you?" demanded the father with heat, adding (oh, bathos!) after a pause, "I'll send ye to Oxford."

So to Christ Church the scamp was sent, and placed under the eye of a tutor, whom his lordship was assured was a most competent person. "The companionship of ingenuous youth of noble stocks, and the softening example of pious and learned men cannot fail of effecting an improvement," said my lord, 'who was possibly a better judge of medals than of men. If there were any rough places in the paths of learning at Oxford the feet of the Honorable Fred never found them; everything was carefully made smooth for a tuft. The deference of the dons to a young gentleman who might at any moment blossom out into a full-blown peer of the realm was a touching exhibition of our national characteristic. His degree presented no difficulties to examiners who had no intention of examining, or to an incorrigible dunce who dreamed not of offering himself for examination. It would be conferred upon a nobleman *in posse* whenever he should choose to honor an ancient seat of learning by suggesting that his name might be added to the list of her Masters of Arts.

His father, meanwhile, solaced himself with the success of a *protégé*, Octavius Baskett, by name, son of the steward of his Cheshire property, a nervous, studious lad, whom his patron had sent first to Shrewsbury school and later to Christ Church as servitor. The experiment might have turned out worse—or better. The man had done passably in the schools; his scholarship lacked style. Industrious he had been, and steady, being, as his patron hoped, too poor to be anything else; and having taken a degree and deacon's orders, was installed at Duddingstone House as domestic chaplain and curator of the family collections. So, to London he came, and his patron, a

sanguine person, had his hopes of him, albeit this man of his making was not much to look at. The little, poring, narrow-chested boy, the dilling-pig of Baskett père's long litter, had done indifferent justice to his college breeding. The unformed snub nose had first thickened across the bridge, and then lengthened unconscionably, over-powering a runaway chin. The eyes, which had been wistful, had grown shifty, and were still small. The man stooped and was ill at ease in good company. He winced, and half arose from his chair when suddenly addressed by a person of condition.

"Fore Heaven," ruminated the patron. "Walpole was right. I have but half done his business. When the fellow missed that scholarship I should have made it up to him, and not sent him to the servitor's table. This scrapping of trenchers marks a man. I've wasted my silk. Here is my sow's ear back upon my hands, a sow's ear still. I believe I did once promise his father a living for him. Humph! His Majesty may some day make ye a bishop, my boy, but God Almighty could not make ye a gentleman. Meanwhile, ye shall stick to my medals."

Alack! the creature was a man, like the rest of us. Meat, drink, and the collating of manuscripts were not enough for him; and having too much time upon his hands, and living too high, his morals deteriorated. Pity him; his position was lonely, anomalous, neither one thing nor the other. A youngster with the education of a gentleman and the instincts of an inferior, debarred by his profession and surroundings from the society of the youth of either class. Yet society a man must have, so, with an eye to his position and prospects, he was wont to pay evening visits to a house of call where he kept a change, whence in lay habit he might proceed in safety to study the night side of the Borough.

But study upon these lines, however economically pursued, can hardly be prosecuted without money. Moreover, he was traced by his lordship's butler, an elderly man and a jealous; thenceforth the chaplain was in the power of that butler, who would have him into the pantry to play small games of chance with himself and the housekeeper, to both of whom Mr. Baskett presently found himself a debtor for larger sums than he cared to think about or saw his way to repay.

A weak will, costly habits, impatient creditors, and valuables within reach, what else could have befallen save what befell? For a while the catastrophe was postponed by the existence of those safeguards of which we have spoken; it was not easy to simulate a burglary at Duddingstone House. But at Duddingstone Chase the thing was conceivable. Nor was convertible spoil wanting. His lordship was a martyr to the fidgets; to-day such or such a strong box was in peril and must to the bank under guard; to-morrow this and that should accompany him to the north (armed outriders, of course). The best, the most perfect of his portable antiques he would sometimes secrete upon his noble person in belts of shamoy; and it was such a belt which disappeared one night from his lordship's dressing-room at Duddingstone.

Picture to yourselves the pallid misery of elderly retainers, the hot, helpless wrath of innocent suspects, the first, unreasoning fury of a hitherto indulgent master, wounded in his tenderest susceptibilities. In a matter of three days my lord was himself again. A trusty messenger returned from Oxford with assurance of what he most desired to know. The hand of the Honorable Fred was not in this, at least; he had kept his room and his bed for a week past in consequence of what the Dean called "a barb'rous and brutal

beating perpetrated by a servitor." My lord hemmed; he knew his son, and servitors. Such do not turn upon gentlemen commoners without provocation extraordinary; he would look into the matter later. One thing at a time; the lost antiques first.

Although a window of the butler's pantry was known to have been found open at daybreak (so much the younger servants admitted under cross-examination—Baskett had brains of a sort), my lord refused to entertain the theory of a house-breaking. Nor would he charge his valet, albeit the belt had been taken from a dressing-closet to which none but this man and himself had access. Nor the butler, though a pair of the man's boots were unaccountably muddled and wet. These, said his lordship, rallying his judicial faculties, are the artifices of a thief who has studied the ways of my household. Who has a grudge against these men? The valet, an elderly person, who, after an adventurous youth, had taken to religion, abhorred the sight of a card, and read *Law's Serious Call*, could offer no suggestion; he had not an enemy in the world. The butler was less certain. From him, and from his crony, the housekeeper, my lord learned curious particulars as to the goings-on of his chaplain. Small notes of hand were exhibited, with diffidence, for there the exhibitors felt themselves upon dangerous ground. Small but numerous were these notes, and considerable in the aggregate. My lord pinched a dubious lip.

There was nothing for it but a general search. Would his men and women consent to it? All, even the chaplain, agreed with alacrity, but nothing was found. Hope grew dim. Walpole sympathized. "Don't stint your advertising, nor your reward," he counselled. "Your thief must needs have less guilty confederates; it is to their cupidity you must appeal. Mean-

while, be comforted; there is but a limited market for your gems on this side the water. Aaron and Conti and the smaller fry have more to gain by pleasing than by robbing us" (my lord liked that "us"). "Yes, once put upon the market you will get wind of 'em. Watch the south ports for the man ye suspect, of course; but I doubt his tempting the Channel. A classic, ye say? He speaks no French? Just so. 'Wait' is my word. And now, what say ye to this?" It was a syracusan tetradrachm from the hand of Kimon, greatest of coin gravers, a feast to the eye. But, alack! poor Duddingstone, as his friend knew well, was not festal-minded at the moment.

Meanwhile the classic who spoke no French was having a poor time of it; his shillings were running low in that cheap lodging of his behind Pickle-Herring Wharf, on the Surrey side, where he sate biting his nails. He would venture the bridge under cover of night, suspecting every watchman he met, to bleat timid remonstrance into the ear of his master.

"A whole fortnight, and ye have not gone to him? 'Twill breed suspicion, I tell ye. See, here it is in the *News* again this week, but the reward is not raised. Ye had best be writing to his lordship at once. . . . But, why not? . . . And, consider, 'tis hard upon me, these delays. Here I sit, unable, until my character be cleared, to approach his lordship. He always promised me preferment, he cannot honorably refuse. . . . But, anyway, I must be seeking employ; and whilst ye hang fire I cannot show my face by daylight; 'tis mighty hard!"

But Boyle, or Tighe, who could be as wrong-headed as any man alive, would drink his delicious cup of dalliance to the dregs first. Sue's garter had yet three guineas in it. Employment when it came would perforce

come to him in his own name. As Boyle he would be reinstated in His Majesty's service, if reinstated he was to be; but he had married this girl as Tighe. The dual personality would be hard to explain; it would shock her, and he shrank from shocking her. Moreover, employment would be unlikely to come in a form which would justify him in encumbering himself with a wife. The hampered poverty of a married major was no part of his scheme; yet, in his selfish way, he loved this child, and pushed from him as long as might be possible the inevitable moment of desertion—piteous and unpleasant thought.

Yet, since it was one of his maxims that a man's business should be driven, and not drive, he would at length give his mind to his case, and thus it befell that a fortnight having slipped away, and no higher reward being offered, Boyle judged the right moment to have struck for answering the advertisement.

A guarded letter apprised his lordship that a gentleman newly come up from the north had had left upon his hands, by the most singular chance in the world, a collection of signets, bezels, and ring-stones, which appeared to him to be of considerable worth. And that, since his coming to Town, he, having by accident learnt of his lordship's loss, asked his lordship's gracious permission to pay his humble respects to him, for the purpose of ascertaining whether what he had found should chance to be his lordship's property.

Thus Boyle, writing in his own name from a coffee-house in Crutched Friars, to which the reply might be addressed. His lordship replied, giving him an appointment. The Major rubbed his ear briskly—a trick of his when in perplexity. This letter: what was he to make of it? It was urbanely inscrutable, permission to call, no more. He

read a dozen meanings into its three sentences, none of which would bear reflection. His lordship was a diplomatist.

Upon the day he presented himself at Duddingstone House well before his time. He was kept waiting in an anteroom for a half-hour before being conducted to his lordship's cabinet, a lofty apartment, walled with glazed bookcases defended by brass wire grilles, through which gleamed the backs of folios and first editions, valuable then, and thrice as valuable to-day. There were other evidences of taste and of apprehension; the room was darkened by window-bars of singular and needless solidity, thought the visitor.

The master of the house sate with his back to the window, the light from which fell upon the papers he was holding, and upon others upon the table before him. It also lit the face and figure of the man who had just been admitted from the anteroom, and who had not been bidden to seat himself. My lord was of the school of his contemporary, Lord Chatham, who seldom permitted an inferior to sit in his presence save with a pen in his hand, and insisted upon his secretaries submitting documents to him "upon the knee." There was a clerk of some sort nibbling a quill at a table in a corner, and another person of superior but uncertain status stood beside his lordship's chair. The door closed softly behind the newcomer; my lord, who at a first sight seemed but a pink-faced, inconsiderable little person in a morning-gown and slippers, looked up without speaking, and adjusted his glasses. His short-sighted, prominent gray eyes addressed themselves somewhat aggressively to his visitor from under a turban, and completed a leisurely survey of his man. He had not acknowledged his bow: the little dry specialist was taking in the personality of his visitor, the girth, height, swagger, and poise of

him, and the curbed impatience of his lip. Some copper captain, he opined; then, at the man's first syllable, "Irish," and the repulsion was complete.

"Mr. Cornelius Boyle, I believe?"

"The same, my lor'd, late major of the Forty-first."

"You have some communication which you desire to make to me."

The aridity and coolness of this grandee got upon irritable nerves; the tension showed itself in an increase of ceremonious politeness.

"My business, my lor'd, is to place before you some valuables which it has occurred to me may possibly be your property." Whilst speaking he had approached the table and had laid upon it the shamoy belt, which we have seen change hands twice before in the course of this story.

"Yes . . . yes . . . so I understand," remarked his lordship non-committally, emptying the contents upon a sheet of blotting-paper and arranging them in a certain order with reference to a printed list which lay before him; this done, he colored slightly and called the attention of the man beside him to certain gaps in the line, and folding his hands resumed his survey of Boyle, whose sense of injury was already moving. This was no way to receive a gentleman recently in His Majesty's service who had gone out of his way to restore stolen property to an entire stranger. He had anticipated a private interview, had pictured himself gracefully producing the lost gems, had seen in imagination the delight of the noble connoisseur, had listened to himself relating the story of their recovery in the most natural and off-hand manner, a manner which could not fail to impress his auditor, who would be loud and hearty in commendation, and would presently fall to delicate suggestions of recognition. Thence the way would have been plain. Such had been his forecast, but the event was

otherwise. My Lord Duddingstone was not alone, the presence of inferiors implied suspicion and was mighty unnecessary.

"His lordship awaits your explanation, sir," said the man of business. Boyle started slightly.

"Explain?—the way in which these things came into?—with pleasure. 'Twas whilst coaching from Chester to London on the thirteenth of December," began Boyle, and proceeded to give a version of the encounter upon Sandylane Hill that was true so far as it went, but not free from reservations. My lord followed the recital with close attention; at its close he considered the position for some moments before referring it to his attendant with a small nod. The man, who was apparently a lawyer, now took the examination into his hands.

"You wish his lordship to believe that ye took this belt, with its present contents, exactly as they stand, from the body of a thief whom ye shot under the circumstances just detailed?"

"That is so—from the man's pocket, where I was seeking me own purse, which the fellow had taken from me before I shot him."

"The coach, ye tell us, had gone forward; it was out of sight; ye were following at your leisure, and alone?"

"That's so, I was," replied Boyle succinctly, thinking the lie a safe one and due to his accomplice.

His lordship sate passive. His lawyer caressed a flexible nose. "Have ye anything more to add to your account," he said, "or do ye wish, upon second thoughts, to vary anything?"

"I do not," replied Boyle, fuming; "and, let me tell ye, sir, that I cannot but regard all this as exceedingly uncalled for, and my reception——"

"You pardon, sir," broke in Lord Duddingstone, with so loud a voice and so brusque an authority that the Major's complaint was silenced, "You ap-

pear to misunderstand your position. You have answered my advertisement in the name of Boyle. (You are Mr. or Major Boyle—I thank ye.) You own to having been in possession of this property since the thirteenth of last month (nearly three weeks). I have put to ye some not unreasonable questions, and have more to put, but even as it stands, your tale does not hang together. No, sir——" the Irishman had bridled hotly, "for there was no person of your name travelling from Chester to London on the day ye mention. From inquiries which I have instituted I am in a position to prove that two inside seats were booked some days in advance, one by a lady, the other by a Mr. Tighe, and that both were occupied."

Boyle started and opened his mouth, but my lord imperiously shook his finger at him and proceeded:

"Do not interrupt me, sirrah. At Waverton a third seat was taken by a person calling himself Venner, but whose real name is Baskett. This person and the other two passengers travelled to Malby Cross, where he and they lay for the night. He proceeded upon his journey in their company on the following day, alighted at the foot of Sandylane Hill along with the person Tighe, fell behind as the coach mounted, and subsequently rejoined at the top, still in the company of Tighe. So much we have from the guard and driver. Now, Mr. Boyle, ye must excuse me for failing to see where ye come into this story."

"My lord," exclaimed Boyle, "I am Tighe. The name was me mother's. . . . Yes, I admit I am living at a lodging in America Square under an assumed name, and requested your lordship to address your letter to a coffee-house, yes. . . . That I have preferred to pass as Tighe rather than as myself is asly explained. I have suffered misfortune. I stood me

thryle as Boyle—Major Boyle—at Chester winter assizus for having the ill-luck to kill me man in a jule, my lord; and, under the circumstances, I submit the incognito was excusable.”

“Ha, the Roodee murder case,” observed his lordship dryly.

“My lord, I was acquitted!”

“The jury was discharged, as I remember, which is another matter. But I am not concerned to retry that issue, merely to discover how ye came into possession of my property. Ye have not replied to my point as to the presence of the man Venner, or Baskett.”

“’Pon me sowl, I had forgot the existence of the creature!”

“Yet ye have met him in London since.”

No answer. The Irishman, seldom at a loss, found himself upon dangerous ground. It dawned upon him that, whilst watching his confederate, his lordship’s agents had been also keeping an eye upon himself. The point was pressed.

“Come, sir, ye saw the man arrested at the county boundary. Such an occurrence is sufficiently remarkable in itself: ye surely had some natural curiosity as to the reason. You must have been aware that the fellow was no company for an honest man, to say nothing of a gentleman; he lay under suspicion, for he was searched.”

“Not in my presence,” returned the other, clutching at a straw.

“Tchaw! Why palter? Cannot ye see that your tale will not pass? From your own accounts, which are discrepant. Ye travelled under an assumed name with a person of ill-character, a fellow once in my service as chaplain—mine—who abused his opportunities to rob me. You did not know this? I am not so sure of that, sir, but your knowledge or ignorance is immaterial; the fact remains. Also, that whilst the thief was being searched the stolen property was in your pockets. It

smells of covin, sir; you admit it was there and offer an explanation which no sane man will accept. I would have ye to understand that the evidence I have in my hands would convict you; the punishment might be death, sir, or it might be whipping and branding. I just mention the alternatives to show ye the predicament in which ye stand, Mr. Tighe, or Boyle.”

The Irishman stared, but had not a word to say. My lord continued:

“You wish me to regard your meeting with Baskett as fortuitous. Ye have forgotten his existence, ye say; yet ye have been seen in his company twice within this past week. You are believed to have supplied him with money. And now, after several conferences with this rogue, and after three weeks of delay, ye come forward and offer restoration of part of the stolen property.”

“Part!” echoed Boyle harshly.

“’Pon me salvation there lies all that iver I found upon the thief. I swear ut!”

“Upon *which* thief, sir? We have only evidence of the existence of the one whom ye accompanied to London. As of this alleged footpad of yours, do ye ask me to believe that ye killed the wretch out of hand, rifled the corpse, and left it on the road?”

“Just that, me lord,” replied Boyle, marvelling at his own self-command. This man could make him or break him; he must stomach it; but his heart seemed bursting.

“’Tis singular that ye did not breathe a word of your exploit to the guard or the coachman. ’Tis more singular that they heard no shots. ’Tis most singular that no corpse was found, sir: of that I have the coroner’s assurance.”

Boyle’s head swam. What was this? His story had been known and sifted before he had told it. This amazing little man must have agents everywhere. Had the pot-boy at Pickle-

Herring spied upon him? Had he blabbed in his cups? Had Baskett peached? Was his lordship lying to him? His lordship was speaking again coldly and pointedly.

"Come, Mr. Tighe, or Boyle, where are the rest of my gems. These, in point of numbers, may be three-fourths of my loss, but in value do not represent a quarter of it. All the finer stones, the best-cut and larger *intagli*, are missing. Where are they, sir? I must have them."

Poor Boyle's brain was spinning. Talk of fortune's malice! Whoever heard of the like of this? A gentleman despoils a thief at the risk of his life and is forthwith accused of being in possession of stolen property, and bidden account for things of which he had never so much as suspected the existence. Normally he was a man of ready speech, loud, plausible, and quick of invention; but now he found his imagination bankrupt and his tongue tied. Meanwhile he was painfully conscious that the cold gray eyes behind the glasses were bent upon his confusion, and now the deliberate tones began again.

"What? No explanation—not even a reply? I had thought better of the resources of you Irish adventurers. I fear Mr. Tighe, or Boyle, is but poorly equipped for the part he is playing.

"However, I will no longer detain ye, sir; for the present, at any rate, ye may go. Ye will understand that the valuables ye are secreting are not marketable; they are of interest to some few *cognoscenti* only, worthless to the vulgar. Ye cannot pass them; their possession will certainly betray you. But to me they are priceless. I will admit to you that I have had you in the hollow of my hand for three weeks. As you have seen, your movements, your associates, your intimate conversations are all here"—the speaker tapped the papers in front of him with his

knuckle. "Yes, we are aware of your hopes, ye are applying for employment." Boyle slightly started. "Now, sirrah, I will go so far as to condone your felony, and even to consider the questions of your future, so soon as the rest of your plunder is replaced in my hands.

"In the meantime, as the companion of a thief, you lie under vehement suspicion, and will be watched. Ye may go."

The luckless Boyle found his way into Piccadilly half blinded with fury at insults which he was unable to resent. His first and immediate need was a victim. The man was in the mood to pick a quarrel with a blind beggar. By the time he had walked a mile some discrimination had returned to him. Of the two persons upon whom it was possible to inflict some of the mortifications from which he was suffering, he would spare his wife. Baskett it should be, and after a brisk round to baffle a possible pursuer, he broke in upon the evening meditations of the Reverend Octavius in no urbane humor.

"Soho, Mr. Ananias, ye have been keeping back part of the price, have ye? (Oh, I have a scripture or two at me tongue's end as well as you canting Protestants.) What's that? Ye have *not* the bigger part of the what-d'ye-call-'ems upon ye? The jeece ye haven't! Then who has? Out wid ut!" taking the wretch by the throat, "Not that dead thief; ye saw me strip him."

In two minutes—and most uncomfortable minutes they were for the clergyman—Boyle had convinced himself that his confederate knew no more of the missing gems than he did himself. "Faith, I've half-throttled the baste, and exhibitud could steel. 'Tis shaking an impty purse I am; he has not the things by him. But, all the same, 'tis a poor wake baste, and not

the sort that I'd trust to drink fair in the dark." Communing thus with himself whilst his victim moaned in a corner, the master turned suddenly upon his slave.

"Your Rlyrence, 'tis time that we partud. Your prisince is compromising to a gintleman. 'Tis also offensuv to honust min. The law has its eye upon ye this night, and will have its claw upon ye to-morrow. What? Shtop that hullabaloo! There is just the faintust chance for ye. I will disclnd to particulars. Listen; three roads lie before ye. Ye have your choice to take the King's shilling; to take a lep off the wharf; or—to be taken and hanged. F'what's that? Ye cannot make up your mind? Thin we'll spin for ut upon the method of odd-man-out. The river or the gallows! Heads for Tyburn!" He tossed a guinea, his last. "Heads it is!" Baskett's teeth chattered.

"Now, me frind, pray to Whativer is fond of ye, for the choice this time lies bechune the hempen cravat and a marching regiment, and the Lord He knows which is the worse. (By the same token there's a recruiting sergeant in the tap-room of the Cumberland Arms at the lane's end.) Heads for Tyburn again! . . . Tails it is! Up ye get, and along with me. I'll be seeing this job through before I sleep. Ah, now! Have no care for yer duds; 'tis that small valise will hang ye yet, and 'tis little need ye'll have for chashables in the line."

An hour later Sergeant Onkey of the 56th Foot was drinking to the health of the latest addition to His Majesty's forces, whilst the watch upon his rounds had found upon Pickle-Herring Wharf the wig, gown, and bands of a clergyman wound into a bundle and containing a note to the effect that poverty and persecution had driven the

Reverend Octavius Baskett, Bachelor of Arts, to seek that justice at the Bar of God which had been denied him by his patron the Viscount Duddingstone.

"'Tis a nate touch that last," soliloquized the author of this flight of fancy, "and if it should appear in the *News* will hilp me to get even with my lord. Merciful powers, what a riptile is that same ould haythen! Will I iver see the day whin I can wipe that intoirely out?"

"'Tis a thought hard upon His Rlyrence. Life in the ranks is not a giddy whirl of bouncheous luxury. I'm thinking 'twill take two corporals and their canes behind him to get the crathur up to the palisades. They had better use him on shipboard, where he can't run far. I am well shut of him; but—what's to do nixt?" The question was a poser. The man saw no comfort anywhere, and sate late over his drink. After midnight he affrighted his young bride by stumbling upstairs to the room in which she had passed long hours of loneliness and suspense only to find her husband, when he came, in no condition for her society.

It was the poor girl's first experience of a man far advanced in liquor; a horrifying initiation. He snored at last. She watched him from a chair, wrapped in her cloak and aching with cold and blows. God pity such wives! Death hath no tragedy to compare with what life holds for them. Poor Sue, a three-weeks bride, and already arrived at this. God pity thee indeed! He does. There shall be ending, complete, swift, and final, to this bleak chapter of thy hitherto gently nurtured life. But four more days of it; bear up! But thou dost not know, nor wouldst thou welcome deliverance—yet!

Ashton Hilliers.

(To be continued.)

GEORGE TYRRELL.

The death of Father Tyrrell is a heavy loss, not merely to a particular religious movement but to religion in general. Beyond the wide circle of his personal friends, who can never express what his loss means to them, he had a far wider circle of friends who knew him only by correspondence or by his published writings. They, too, must feel that his death has left a gap. Many a man, troubled and perplexed by the religious problem of our time and seeking some means of preserving his faith without repudiating his reason, found in Father Tyrrell a guide and a counsellor. Probably no man of his time has done so much as he to prevent others from relapsing into indifference or negation; for few have combined so profound and so fervent a faith with so candid and unreserved an acceptance of the acquired results of scientific research and historical criticism.

George Tyrrell was born in Dublin on February 6, 1861. Although he liked to call himself an Irishman, he was in fact of purely English descent. There have been Tyrrells in Ireland since the time of Strongbow, but George Tyrrell was not of the Irish stock. His family came from Oxfordshire, and his grandfather had gone from that county to settle in Dublin; his mother was also English, her maiden name having been Chamney. In this respect he resembled his friend, Robert Radclyffe Dolling, often regarded as a typical Irishman, who was also purely English by race—the grandson of an English clergyman who migrated to Ireland. Both Tyrrell and Dolling were examples of the way in which temperament is modified by climate and environment; both of them—Dolling in particular—had characteristics which are recognized as typically

Irish, but which are typical less of the indigenous Irishman than of the Anglo-Irish type evolved by the adaptation of the English character to an Irish environment.

Tyrrell has told us in "Medievalism" that up to the age of fifteen he "took as little interest in religious questions as any other healthy-minded schoolboy." He had been brought up in an orthodox Anglicanism of the Protestant type which did not satisfy him when he began to reflect on religious subjects. He attributed to "a very crude study of Bishop Butler's 'Analogy'" the first awakening in his mind of a sense of the religious problem. He came under the influence of Dr. Maturin, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Grangegorman (father of Father Basil Maturin), who was at that time the leader of the High Church party in Ireland. It was through his attendance at Dr. Maturin's church that Tyrrell made the acquaintance of R. R. Dolling, who remained until his death one of Tyrrell's dearest and most intimate friends, although their religious paths soon separated. Mr. Osborne, the author of the life of Dolling, has recalled the fact that Tyrrell was almost the only "intellectual" whom Dolling could put up with; though by no means a great reader, Dolling always read Tyrrell's books. This fact throws light on a side of Tyrrell's character which has been too much overlooked. It would be a profound mistake to regard him as a mere "intellectual," or to suppose that he appealed only to intellectual people. On the contrary, being himself the most simple-minded of men, the simple and unintellectual found themselves immediately in sympathy with him. The Abbé Bremond remarked, during a stay in Brittany, how soon Tyrrell made himself at home with the peas-

ants, although his imperfect knowledge of French made conversation difficult. They took to him instinctively.

At the age of seventeen Tyrrell entered Trinity College, which he left a year later on being received into the Roman Catholic Church; in 1880 he became a novice of the Society of Jesus, in which he was to spend twenty-six years of his life. It was no doubt his own experience that led him to condemn so severely in his later years the system of recruiting the priesthood and the religious orders from boys and girls in their teens. Intellectual ability has not been uncommon in the Tyrrell family. George Tyrrell's elder and only brother, who died at the age of twenty-one, had already shown brilliant ability and had taken high honors at Trinity. Prof. R. Y. Tyrrell is his first cousin, and other relatives have risen to important positions. George Tyrrell himself was soon recognized by his superiors as one of the hopes of the Jesuits. He was a brilliant student and thoroughly mastered the neo-scholastic theology and philosophy of the Jesuit schools. After passing through the long novitiate he was appointed to teach theology and philosophy at St. Mary's Hall, and instructed the novices for two or three years. If he afterwards became convinced of the inadequacy of scholasticism, it was not, therefore, because he was ignorant of it. It was of a system that he knew through and through that he wrote as follows in 1903:

Owing to both its *à priori* and its medieval character, scholastic theology is a subject in which men of no general education or culture can start on an equal footing with others, and it calls for a sort of analytical subtlety not usually allied with the kind of judicial sagacity needed for dealing with those concrete historical problems which are now so pressing. Indeed the abler synthetic minds are often repelled by a

method so strange to modern intellectual instincts, and are eliminated rather than selected by the seminary system. Metaphysics (and scholastic theology is chiefly metaphysics) by reason of its necessary obscurity, is the department where mediocrity and slovenliness of thought can most easily mask itself under the semblance of profundity and where the intellectual charlatan can lie longest undetected.¹

The revolt against scholasticism apparently began at a fairly early date in his career as a Jesuit; but no doubt the fact that he had to teach and justify it to his pupils forced the question upon him. His mystical temperament could not be satisfied with a philosophical system which he found intellectualist, rationalist, and narrowly logical; and his clear intellect was revolted by the very claim made on behalf of scholasticism that it is a "perfect system of philosophy" which has an answer to every question. He felt that there can be no perfect system of philosophy. He turned from the scholastic theologians to the great masters of mysticism, and he himself has declared that it was from the "Spiritual Exercises" of Ignatius of Loyola, who in his turn borrowed from the great Catholic mystics, that he learned the immanentism which has been condemned as a "Modernist" error.² His earliest books, "Nova et Vetera" and "Hard Sayings," written, to use Tyrrell's own words, "before I had met with, or read, or even heard of any of my subsequent modernist guides and masters," undoubtedly contain in germ the ideas which he subsequently developed in later works. Herein lay the strength of his position. It was not that, having been faced by the problems of criticism, he had to construct a makeshift apologetic which should reconcile the results of criticism with faith. On the contrary, before he had paid any attention to Biblical and

¹ "The Church and the Future," pp. 26-27.

² "Medievalism," chap. xi. pp. 110-112.

historical criticism, he had arrived at a basis for faith which enabled him to regard the results of criticism with equanimity.

For many years Tyrrell believed in the possibility of reforming the Society of Jesus so as to bring it back to what he believed to have been its original ideal. This belief it was that kept him so long in the Society in spite of his growing recognition of its weaknesses and abuses.

Even now (he wrote to me in 1901), though my hope is nearly extinct, I am not sure that the Society is irreformable under the pressure of modern conditions; all I am sure of is that it will break if it cannot bend. I believe that, like every other institution in the Church, it needs careful and searching criticism, and that, if it cannot stand the test, it had better go.

He ultimately became convinced that his hope was an illusion, that the complete centralization and the iron absolutism of Jesuit authority made reform impossible.

I quite agree (he wrote to me in 1906) that the S.J. government is and always has been morally and socially bad and mischievous; and that in so strictly centralized a body it is sophistical to distinguish between the offending head and the innocent members. It was in that conviction that I saw I must leave it. Still there are numbers of thoroughly honest Jesuits who do not see it in that light: who hate their government, but do not feel identified with it. The "Ethics of Conformity" whether for Romanist or Jesuit is a thorny problem. One has to show that the cases are different, and it was easier before 1870 than now.

For a long time he himself had been in the position of the honest Jesuits mentioned. Meanwhile he had obtained great influence over the younger English Jesuits, and his growing influence outside the Society strengthened his position within it. From the publication

of his first book, "Nova et Vetera," in 1897 he became one of the most widely-read Catholic writers on religious subjects. Indeed, he was the only English Jesuit who had the ear of any part of the general public. Among Anglicans, in particular, he became well-known and popular. These facts facilitated the publication of books which might otherwise have had a difficulty in passing the Jesuit censors. It has already been noticed that his two earliest works were the true parents of his later ones. In "Les Orandi" and "Lex Credendi" his thought is much more fully developed, although it is obvious that he is still writing in conditions which compel him to wrap up much of his meaning. It is this that makes his style, at this time, sometimes involved and obscure.

There was a strong party among the Jesuits which regarded his influence with dismay, and matters were brought to a crisis by the publication of "Oil and Wine." Cardinal Vaughan refused his *imprimatur* to this book, but an *imprimatur* was given by the Jesuit authorities in England. Their action got them into trouble with their superiors and Tyrrell himself fell into disgrace. From 1900 until his expulsion from the Society six years later, Tyrrell's life was one of constant worry and of more and more strained relations with his superiors. There can be no doubt that these years of harassing difficulty told on his far from robust health. Many of his friends urged him to apply for a dispensation from his vows and permission to leave the Society and join the secular clergy. His Jesuit friends naturally urged him to stay, and their persuasions prevailed for a long time. It is not for me to say whether or not he was mistaken; had he been guided simply by his own wishes he would have left the Society perhaps ten years before he did. It was only a strong sense of duty that

led him to face a daily martyrdom and to remain in an organization many of whose methods he had come to regard with abhorrence.

I was the involuntary cause of one of his serious difficulties with the Jesuit authorities. In an article published in the "Nineteenth Century" in 1900, in which the Society of Jesus was severely criticised, I had referred to him as a Jesuit who lacked the Jesuit spirit. The result of this doubtless injudicious praise was that Tyrrell was ordered by the authorities at Rome to write an article in reply to mine, which he refused to do, not, to use his own words in a letter written to me in 1901, "that I agreed with you all round, but because I agreed so much that the impression would have been untrue." I mention this fact to show that Tyrrell's attitude in regard to the Society was perfectly well known to and understood by his superiors so long ago as 1900, and that they kept him in the Society for their own reasons. He did not remain in it under false pretences. He was perfectly frank with them. When he was forbidden to write for publication, he told them plainly that, if he were not allowed to write over his own name, he intended to write anonymously; he refused to admit their right to treat him as a slave. He was true to his word. Not only did he contribute articles to certain Reviews, but he also printed for private circulation two or three small books or pamphlets. One, the famous "Letter to a Professor," was ultimately made the pretext of his expulsion from the Society, and has since been republished with the title "A Much Abused Letter." Another, "The Church and the Future," printed in 1903, is an admirable criticism of official orthodoxy. I asked Father Tyrrell to allow it to be published in a French review last year, but he replied that he preferred not to do so, "because it would appear there as an

expression of my latest opinion—which it is not." He thought, however, of publishing it, with an introduction, like "A Much Abused Letter," but he did not live to do so.

The situation at last became intolerable, and, in August 1905, Father Tyrrell applied to the General of the Jesuits for a dispensation from his vows and permission to enter the ranks of the secular clergy. The ground of his application was, in his own words, his "conscientious dissent from the spirit and principles by which it (the Society of Jesus) had come to be governed at headquarters," and the reasons for the application were outlined at some length in a document by which it was accompanied. Three months passed, and Father Tyrrell was unable to obtain relief, in spite of repeated application. At the end of December 1905 he withdrew the application. "In deference to my personal friends in the Society," wrote Father Tyrrell in a subsequent letter to Cardinal Ferrata, "I withdrew my plea for secularization, and left it to Father General to keep or dismiss me as his conscience might dictate in the light of the said document." There can be no doubt that this withdrawal was a great tactical mistake, as Father Tyrrell himself recognized, but it was an act of self-sacrifice.

In a letter addressed to the General on December 31, 1905, Father Tyrrell said that he expected the General to ignore his conscientious objections to remaining a Jesuit and to find some pretext for expelling him from the Society. His anticipation was fulfilled.

In January 1906 a Milanese newspaper, the *Corriere della Sera*, published, without Father Tyrrell's knowledge or permission, an Italian translation of long extracts from the "Letter to a Professor." The General of the Jesuits (who already knew the Letter) called on Father Tyrrell to repudiate it, and,

on the ground that his explanations were unsatisfactory, expelled him from the Society without releasing him from his vows. The result of this action was that Father Tyrrell was *ipso facto* suspended from his functions as a priest. The date of his expulsion from the Society was February 19, 1906. Two or three weeks later Father Tyrrell wrote to Cardinal Ferrata, Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, with whose consent the Jesuit General had acted, requesting that, "either by secularization or otherwise," he might be allowed to say mass. Cardinal Ferrata did not reply. In May, Father Tyrrell, having been refused absolution, and therefore being unable to make his communion, again wrote to Cardinal Ferrata a registered letter in which, to quote his own words, "laying aside all questions of my priestly rights, I asked for my rights as a Catholic to fulfil my duty of approaching the sacrament." Again Cardinal Ferrata made no reply. Shortly afterwards a certain Continental archbishop, without Father Tyrrell's knowledge or consent, but with the best intentions, applied to Cardinal Ferrata for permission to receive Father Tyrrell into his diocese, and allow him to say mass. Cardinal Ferrata granted the permission, but only on the condition that Father Tyrrell should formally pledge himself "not to publish anything on religious subjects nor even to engage in epistolary correspondence without the previous approbation of some competent person to be designated by" the archbishop. Naturally, Father Tyrrell indignantly refused to accept this condition in a fine letter to Cardinal Ferrata, dated July 4, 1906, which was printed for private circulation. It is from this letter that I have quoted several times.

Considerable indignation having been aroused by the publication of the fact that this monstrous condition had

been imposed by Rome, an anonymous bishop explained that "epistolary correspondence" did not mean private correspondence, but only letters dealing with the subjects of Father Tyrrell's publications. That is, as Father Tyrrell wrote to me on July 22, 1906,

with the most private part of all my private correspondence, in answer to letters from priests and prelates and seminarists and professors and religious and laymen and non-Catholics about those doubts and difficulties in regard to faith which often they dare not breathe to their confessors; not with the purely personal and domestic, e.g. if I write to my old nurse to enquire about her rheumatism, Rome leaves me free.³

For the remaining three years of his life George Tyrrell was for all practical purposes outside the communion of the Roman Church. But it was not until October 22, 1907, that he was formally excommunicated in consequence of two letters criticising the Encyclical *Pascendi*, which he had contributed to the *Times* of September 30 and October 1. I believe that it is technically incorrect to describe the sentence passed upon him as one of "excommunication," but, since it involved deprivation of all the sacraments and of ecclesiastical burial, there is no other word in the English language by which one can describe it.

"*Lex Credendi*" was published in 1906, almost immediately after Father Tyrrell's expulsion from the Society. During these three years he also published "*Medievalism*," certainly the best book from a purely literary point of view that he ever wrote and one of the best from any point of view. "*Through Scylla and Charybdis*," a collection of previously published articles, also appeared during the same period. The book which he had happily

³ In the course of subsequent negotiations the conditions were modified by Rome as regards "epistolary correspondence," but Father Tyrrell was still unable to accept them.

finished before his death, "Christianity at the Crossroads," will probably be regarded as the summit of his literary achievement. It is sad that we have lost him just when he had been able to throw off the trammels which had fettered him for so many years and to deliver plainly and without reserve the whole of his message.

What was that message? Perhaps its chief point was the distinction which he makes again and again in his writings between faith and orthodoxy, between revelation and dogma. He was convinced that the intellectualism which confounds faith with orthodoxy and theology with revelation was a master fallacy. This point he especially insisted upon in "Medievalism," and in the last six chapters of "Through Scylla and Charybdis," but it is really the main theme of all his books. Thus, while he did not think it possible to arrive at a synthesis between the established results of criticism and the system of scholastic theology "formed by the synthesis between faith and the general culture of the thirteenth century," he did believe that a synthesis between faith and the established result of criticism is possible without damage to either.⁴ This was his message to the modern world. But he did not fall into the opposite error of sentimentalism which holds that Christianity can be absolutely indifferent to dogma, or that religion is so entirely of the heart and affections that it has no concern with the intellect.

I believe firmly (he wrote) in the necessity and utility of theology, but of a living theology that continually proceeds from and returns to that experience of which it is the ever tentative and perfectible analysis.⁵ The work of synthesis is necessary and must endure as long as man's intellectual, moral, and social evolution endures.⁶

⁴ "Medievalism," chap. xvi. pp. 144, &c.

⁵ *Ibid.* chap. iii. p. 47.

⁶ *Ibid.* p. 144.

What he denied was a theology "that draws ideas from ideas, instead of from experience . . . that imposes its conclusions as divinely revealed and 'under pain of eternal damnation.' It was his defiance of such a theology that cost Christ his life at the hands of the curialists of Jerusalem." In a word, Tyrrell's conception of religion was dynamic, not static.

Father Tyrrell taught that religion is a life, that what has been committed to the Church is a way or manner of life rather than a body of doctrine, a living spirit rather than a system of ideas. "This is the Catholic faith, which except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved; for to believe in a *way* is to walk in it; to believe in a *life* is to live it; to believe in Christ is to appropriate his Spirit and to be filled with it."⁷ It is by action, not by speculation, that religious truth is to be sought. And he taught that it is in the Christian community that the individual has the best chance of walking in the way and living the life. No isolated individual can fully appropriate the Spirit of Christ: for its progressively fuller manifestation and embodiment it needs social co-operation. It was this last belief that made George Tyrrell a Catholic until the last moment of his life, that made him confident of the future of Catholicism. But he had come to think that the possibility of reforming the Roman system was almost as hopeless as that of reforming the Society of Jesus. Moral considerations appealed to him more strongly than intellectual, and it was by the moral results of the Roman system that he felt it to be condemned.

At the same time he was firmly convinced that we ought to stay in the Roman Catholic Church, as the Apostles stayed in the Jewish Church until they were turned out, provided that,

⁷ *Ibid.* p. 47.

⁸ "The Church and the Future," p. 75.

like the Apostles, we did not conceal our beliefs. He would have liked to join the Church of England; he said so in "Medievalism"; but principle prevailed over inclination. Even after his excommunication, he could not conscientiously join any other Church. His position will perhaps be explained by the following quotation from another letter:

I believe that the existing Christian sects are, collectively, pregnant with the Catholic Church of the future, that they are all wrong in some way and right in some way; that each has a bit of Catholic truth, and that, perhaps, the Roman Church has not only a larger bit than any of them, but that she holds the principle and secret of their eventual synthesis, that she stands for the ideal of unity and Catholicism.

In the same letter, however, he remarked that some of our modernist friends do not seem to realize "the Roman theological system or understand how impossible it is to *modify* it or deal with it otherwise than by dynamite. All its parts hang together like those of a clock—and clockwork it is." What he felt to be, with intellectualism, a root-evil was the "juridical" conception of that pastoral authority which ought to be purely spiritual.

Father Tyrrell even came to regret the attempt of modernists to reconcile modern culture with the existing Roman system and to believe that they would have been wiser had they adopted the policy of simply stating facts and leaving Rome to make the best of them.

The great mistake we have made (he wrote to me in March of last year) is in trying to help Rome out of her difficulties instead of simply asking questions, proving facts, and then appealing to her for guidance. Instead of facing the difficulties which we try to solve, she falls foul of our solutions as creating difficulties of a purely the-

ological character. Le Roy's "Qu'est-ce qu'un dogme?" was excellent; his "Dogme et critique" was a mistake, as were "L'Evangile et l'Eglise," "Lex Orandi," &c., &c. "Hearing them and asking them questions" was Christ's method and Socrates'.

In the same letter he said:

As to Loisy, let us keep to the point that it is *criticism* that has been excommunicated and is *vitanda*; that it is not Loisy but criticism that is responsible for heterodox conclusions, and that it is the duty of Rome to refute the *method*; that, since she has attempted to do so in the Encyclical, she must not run away from objections to her attempt. She has appealed to reason and to reason she must go.

George Tyrrell was a true friend and a charming companion. His personal appearance was against him; at the first meeting it was almost a shock, but at the second it was forgotten. I cannot describe him better than in the words of my friend, M. Paul Hyacinthe-Loyson: "Il était laid à faire peur au diable et délicieux à charmer les anges." He was impulsive and not always judicious in speaking to strangers or people whom he knew but slightly. Heaven knows that he had had experience of a *milieu* in which prudence is required, but he seemed to imagine that he could trust anyone who was not a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic—which was a mistake. Absolutely frank and loyal himself, he expected to find the same qualities in others. The result was that on more than one occasion reports of private conversations with him, garbled beyond all recognition, found their way into the Press.

His impulsive generosity made him disregard diplomatic devices.

I am a mere gander in diplomacy (he wrote to me), and am always under the lead of some professor of that noble art. My own impulse is always to cut

off my head and fling it at my enemy's head, which, I admit, is poor play and just what my enemy wants.

But for others he was always prudent and considerate and he never urged anyone to commit himself. "I should never dream of such a proposal," he wrote to me in 1905, *à propos* of a certain scheme, "if you were to be thereby exposed to any new odium; but, with the responsibilities, you enjoy the liberties and privileges of your evil fame." At that time he himself was muzzled; he knew that my reputation with the orthodox among our common co-religionists was already hopelessly compromised and could not be modified for the worse.

A keen sense of humor and a mordant wit were among the qualities of his complex and many-sided character. "I hope I am not humble," he said once, "from what I see of the virtue of humility in others." Those who have any experience of ecclesiastical humility, as it is practised in particular among the religious orders, will appreciate the point. In fact Father Tyrrell was intensely humble in the true sense of the term: no more unassuming or simple-minded man ever lived; he seemed to be entirely free from conceit or vanity. He hated controversy and shrank from publicity; it was by the irony of fate that he was dragged into the controversial arena; he entered it much against his will and only because he felt it to be an imperative duty, and he grudged the time spent in it. But perhaps his two most striking characteristics were his profound religious sense—I never met any-

one whose face was so visibly illuminated by a soul in close communion with the eternal—and his detestation of every form of sham and humbug and pretence. The official pomposity to which ecclesiastics are unfortunately so prone excited his ridicule; he could not put up with it. Never was anyone more entirely free from cant in every form; like Major Barbara in Mr. Shaw's play, he talked about religion quite naturally, "as if it were a pleasant subject." And there was an outspokenness about his conversation, more common in France than in England. He was often disgusted or revolted; never shocked.

If those who did not know Father Tyrrell personally think that I am exaggerating the beauty of his character, let them ask anyone who did know him well. He was not faultless; but it is the simple truth that it was not his intellectual capacity, great as it was, but his character that impressed one most. The question has been discussed whether or not he was an original and constructive thinker. In my opinion he was. Naturally he had not completed the synthesis which he sought; no single man could, and the time is not yet. But I believe that he has made a valuable contribution towards it. That, however, is not what gives him the chief claim on the remembrance of those who knew and loved him. What they cherish is the memory of one who was, in the untranslatable French phrase, *une belle âme*, who has left them an example of courageous faith and hope.

CARLYLE'S FIRST LOVE. *

Margaret Gordon, who is the subject of this book, owes to her acquaintance with Carlyle the dignity of having a volume devoted to her biography. Not only has her own life been explored, but also the lives of her relations; and here we have appendices, genealogical tables, and all the apparatus of historical research. During the year 1818 Carlyle was living at Kirkcaldy, and he seems then for the first time to have fallen in love. The lady appears not to have returned the attachment, although she with great insight at the age of twenty-two perceived the genius of her lover of twenty-five. In the letter in which she took leave of her admirer she used these significant expressions:—"Cultivate the milder dispositions of your heart, subdue the more extravagant visions of the brain. . . . Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved! 'Let your light shine before men' and think them not unworthy this trouble." Many years after, when Carlyle wrote his reminiscences, he described the episode. He says that Margaret Gordon "continued for perhaps some three years a figure hanging more or less in my fancy, on the usual romantic, and latterly quite elegiac and silent terms."

The real interest of the story is this—was Margaret Gordon the sole original of the Blumine of *Sartor Resartus*? Mr. Archibald would have us answer that, although Jane Welsh might have inspired some of the details, it was Margaret Gordon who was the true original. Now there is a third claimant, whom Mr. Archibald dismisses by saying of her:—"There is not one atom of evidence to show that Carlyle was at any time in love with Kitty Kirkpatrick. It is therefore clear that her

* "Carlyle's First Love: Margaret Gordon." By Raymond Clare Archibald. London: John Lane. [10s. 6d. net.]

claim to being the original of Blumine may well be ruled out." We think that this sweeping statement will not stand when it is examined in the light of the facts, which have been carefully collected and marshalled by Mr. George Strachey in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for September, 1892. Mr. Archibald shows by references that he has read this article, but apparently because it does not agree with his view of the case he dismisses it abruptly. We propose to give a few of the facts which support the contention that Kitty Kirkpatrick had a large share in the final picture of Blumine. Carlyle when he first came to London made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Strachey, who then lived at Shooter's Hill. Mrs. Strachey's cousin, Miss Kitty Kirkpatrick, lived with them. She was a daughter of Colonel James Achilles Kirkpatrick, resident at Hyderabad, and his wife, a Persian lady, the niece of the Prime Minister of the Nizam. The first meeting is thus described by Carlyle in the *Reminiscences*:—

I remember, on our approach to the house, the effulgent vision of "dear Kitty" busied among the roses, and almost buried under them, who, on sight of us, glided hastily in. . . . Amiable, affectionate, graceful, might be called attractive (not *slim* enough for the title "pretty," not tall enough for "beautiful"); had something low-voiced, languidly harmonious; placid, sensuous, loved perfumes, etc.; a half-Begum in short; interesting specimen of the semi-Oriental Englishwoman.

The house at Shooter's Hill is described as "an umbrageous little park with roses, garden." So we get a picture of "Kitty" in a garden of roses.

Now on turning to *Sartor Resartus* we find the same materials, only with a poetic heightening. The *Waldschloss*

of the Zühdarms stood in "umbrageous lawns," and the garden house was "embowered amid rich foliage, rose-clusters, and the hues and odors of a thousand flowers." When Blumine appears we read: "Now that Rose-Goddess sits in the same circle with him"; and she is described as the "many-tinted radiant Aurora . . . this fairest of orient light-bringers . . . a Morning-Star." There is nothing to make a connection between Margaret Gordon and the day's harbinger appropriate, but "Kitty's" other name was "Aurora."

The love episode was treated by Carlyle in the unfinished novel, *Wotton Reinfred*, before he wrote *Sartor Resartus*. If Mr. Archibald had claimed that the Jane Montagu of this fragment represented Margaret Gordon, there would be little to say against the contention. One of the strongest pieces of evidence in favor of there being a large element of "Kitty" in the portrait of Blumine is to be found in the significant changes in passages which were transferred from the old work to the new. In *Wotton Reinfred* the love affair is put an end to by "an ancient maiden aunt"; in *Sartor* the passage is altered, and intervention comes from a "Duenna-Cousin." Margaret Gordon lived with her aunt, Mrs. Usher; Kitty Kirkpatrick with her cousin, Mrs. Strachey. The roses, Aurora, and the "Duenna-Cousin" have no meaning in connection with the young lady Carlyle knew at Kirkcaldy, but they are perfectly appropriate to the later acquaintance of Shooter's Hill. What seems to be the truth is that Carlyle when writing the fragment of the novel used his first love for his heroine. When he came to the later book he retouched the episode in the light of a second attachment. If for the reasons here given it is allowed that Carlyle used Kitty Kirkpatrick in his delineation of Blumine, there still remains the question

whether the picture was founded on a real love episode or not. Mr. Archibald says peremptorily that there is "not an atom of evidence" of Carlyle's fondness for "Kitty." In the *Nineteenth Century* article already cited, which Mr. Archibald alludes to but disregards, there is a letter given which Carlyle wrote many years afterwards relating the episode of the rose garden to Mrs. Phillips, the "Kitty" of early days. The letter followed a visit to Cheyne Walk, when Carlyle after a long talk said to his old friend: "You are not so beautiful as you were, but you are a deal wiser." This letter is too long to quote here in its entirety, but it is impossible to read it without being struck by the deep vein of tenderness which manifests itself. The writer was not a man who had tender sentiments always on the tip of his pen. Had the correspondent been nothing more than an old acquaintance, would such phrases as these have occurred?—

Your little visit did me a great deal of good. So interesting, so strange to see her we used to call "Kitty" emerging on me from the dusk of evening, like a dream become real! It set me thinking for many hours, upon times long gone, and persons and events that can never cease to be important and affecting to me. . . . With a great deal of readiness I send you the photograph which you are pleased to care for having: sorry only that it is such a grim affair (thanks to time, and what he brings and takes), though indeed this was never much a *bright* image, not even forty-eight years ago, when your bright eyes first took it in . . . all around me is the sound as of *evening bells*, which are not sad only, or ought not to be, but beautiful also, and blessed and quiet. No more to-day, dear lady: my best wishes and affectionate regards will abide with you to the end.

And what, may be asked, was the attitude of "Kitty" towards Carlyle? The

following incident tells all that is known for certain. A son of the "Duenna-Cousin" once asked: "Kitty, were you ever in love with Carlyle?" and the answer was begun as follows: "Well—I am an old woman, and it doesn't matter now——." At that moment a footman came into the room,

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and the conversation was broken off, unhappily never to be resumed. Here we must leave the matter, confident that if Carlyle's imagination was first colored by Margaret Gordon, it received a deeper hue from the "Rose-Goddess" whose name was *Aurora*.

THE REVEALING OF THE DUKE.

The young Duke of Kelter joined the crowd in Bodstoke's Co-operative Hall. There was little likelihood that any one would recognize him; for, although he owned Bodstoke, five other small towns, and twenty-three villages, he had been abroad for the last four years. Indeed, he was in Nepaul when his father died and the vast inheritance settled upon him as simply as dew upon a flower.

He felt a strange curiosity about this demagogue Camplon who was to address the Bodstoke Socialists in the hall.

"A dangerous man, your Grace," Mr. Milton, his estate agent, said of him that morning at the castle. "The worst kind, because he has ability attached to his animosities and ignorance. A thorough fanatic. I have little doubt that he is subsidized by his party for the sake of the poison he disseminates."

The young Duke smiled at his agent's phrases. "Neatly put, Milton," he said.

Pressed for more information, the agent said Camplon had been one of the late Duke's body-servants at the castle, that the late Duke had kicked him out of the castle one day for gross disobedience, and that was the end of him so far as the family was concerned.

The young Duke had come home feeling rather ashamed of himself for his recent neglect of his responsibilities. About a hundred tin-lined cases of

horned and other heads and pelts were all he had to show for those last four years. They didn't seem a lot to him now.

No one knew better than he that his late father had an atrocious temper. He was an autocrat to the finger-nails. Even his son hadn't been able to stand him. Hence, in a measure, his prolonged exile. The late Duke told him before he started that he might go even beyond the remotest of earth's continents if he pleased, on the understanding that he returned when it was necessary.

The young Duke also had a temper, but he had learnt to keep it bottled. Even camping for months above the snowline in the Hindu Koosh hadn't loosed the cork from the bottle. He had been greatly liked by most people out of England, from Governors-General to the lowliest of pack-carriers.

The Co-operative Hall was fairly filled when he arrived. He went in with a thin string of working-men. No one need have taken him for anything better or worse than a stalwart young mechanic of innate intelligence. His eyes were of a dreamy blue kind. You had to look closely to discover the power behind their agreeable mistiness. He was clean-shaven, and wore clothes out of which all the Bond Street nonsense had been knocked by ruthless exposure to weather.

Best of all for his present purpose,

he had a favorite short brier pipe, and some tobacco in his pouch. After lazily adjusting himself between the elbows of his neighbors, he filled the pipe and begged the favor of a light.

"Good idea to allow smoking," he said to the gray-beard who gave him a match.

"Co-operative," retorted the gray-beard sententiously, "*means* smoking, young feller. The room's our own to do what we've a mind in. I should have thought you'd known that, if you're a Bodstoke man."

"Yes, but I'm not," said the Duke. "I'm very interested, though."

The graybeard scanned him over. It wanted five minutes to eight, and the platform still lacked population. Social amenities were in progress among the crowd, as well as drifts of tobacco-smoke, laughter, and a jar of voices.

"Office chap?" suggested the graybeard.

"I've been all sorts," replied the Duke. "But what about this man Campion?"

"Never heard him?" The graybeard seemed surprised. "Never seen him land the aristocracy one in the eye? That's his special gift. I dunno where you hall from; but perhaps you know every blessed stick and stone for miles round here belongs to a ready-made nob who never did an hour's work in his life. This hall what's ours we pay him a ground-rent for. He's a little twopenny god, you know, all because he's his father's son. Just come home, they say; and if so, and he meets him, Bobby Campion 'll give him pepper. I'd be sorry for the young feller if Bobby had him up on that there platform." The graybeard spat upon the floor. "I would that," he added.

"Now why, I wonder?" murmured the Duke.

"Why? Because his father, him that's dead, lifted his boot to him, and butted him down I don't know how

many of his castle steps and stairs. You'll see he's got a limp on him still, if you've cute eyes. And all for why? 'Here, you,' says the old nob what's dead; 'get on your knees to me and lace these 'ere boots, and be darned sharp about it!' Bobby hadn't knelt to nothing and nobody since he was a thinking chap, and he wasn't in any hurry to kneel to a man shaped like his own self, and no better anyway except by accident. But it was being spoke to like that that set his back up most, and I reckon the old Duke saw it in him. Howsumever that may be, he upped at him for daring to look as if he was a born independent. 'What do you think you are?' screams the old josser. 'A human being, same as your Grace,' replies Bobby, with his own dander on the boll. 'And I sha'n't lace your boots unless you ask me in a way that fits in with my self-respect.' How's that for spirit, young feller? Ah, here they come! The old nob shunted him out by the neck, and footballed him down the stairs like as if he was a dead dog. And he bore it, young feller, without hitting back, out of charity for the old nob's gray hairs. They took him home in a cart to his wife and kids; and he didn't even bring no action for damages, though the lawyers said he'd a hot case. Wouldn't demean himself, said he; but he'd chalk it up. That's when he began to sharpen his knife for the whole titled lot of 'em. He's the pale-faced one."

"Another match, please," said the young Duke. "And thank you. So that's Campion?"

There was some clapping while the nine or ten platformers arranged themselves.

The young Duke was rather disappointed at Campion's appearance. He expected something rampant, with a mouth large enough to take a cricket-ball. He was prepared to be faintly amused by the man's aggressive exte-

rior. But this was a slight, ten-stone, ordinary individual, with nothing striking about him. Yet stay; that wisp of black hair on his forehead, curved like a scimitar, gave him character. Yes; and when he laughed his teeth gleamed—not merrily, but as if he had a kind of hunger on him.

This was the man his father had kicked downstairs! The late Duke was enormous—sixteen stone—and gouty. The young Duke winced at his imagination recomposed the scene.

The chairman spoke a few words, with his finger-tips joined in front of him. They were unimportant words. He was short and fat, and the young Duke only nodded when the loquacious graybeard said he was Jack Hewitt, manager of the No. 4 Branch of the Stores.

Then Camplion stood up, and the room clapped its hands.

"Just one more match," said the young Duke. "I don't seem to get going."

"Take the box," said the graybeard; but the young Duke wouldn't think of it. He puffed at his pipe three or four times, and then out it went.

The subject of the address was "Natural Right." Camplion started quietly, with easy hand-action. There was nothing new in his denunciations of persons of property, but the soft and musical purr of his voice was significant. He seemed to be smiling all the time. Even the young Duke, however, could see that it was only a surface smile. He called the landlords and plutocrats thieves, oppressors, and even murderers of the poor, without the least exertion. The young Duke began to understand that all he had said so far was ancient and accepted history with him and his audience.

The graybeard grunted "That's so!" when Camplion said that if 90 per cent. of England's rich men were hanged to-

morrow morning they would get no more than their deserts.

"Either they or their fathers have taken the money out of your pockets, or mine, or our fathers', or kept what ought to have come into our pockets. They starved us of our chances, if not of bare bread. That's the plain logic of it." And then all at once he turned and crashed his fist upon the table by his side.

"Take our own little big-bug!" he shouted. "Now, just let's analyze his biography as man to man."

"He's going to rub it into the young un what I told you about," whispered the graybeard; and the young Duke nodded, and took the cold pipe from his mouth.

The speaker was very unfair to the young Duke. He said the latter was worthless and idle and wrapped up in his pleasures, and had no more sense of natural right than a wolf.

This brought on the crisis.

"I'd ask nothing better, my friends," cried Camplion, with glistening face (the room was hot), "than to meet him and tell him what I think of him."

The young Duke raised his hand. "One moment!" he exclaimed; and very politely he requested the men in front to make way for him. "I'm the chap he wants!" he explained. "Oh, it's all right," he said to an astonished one; and to another, "I'm on your side much more than you think, if you'll excuse my saying so."

The little chairman appealed for "order," and was evidently disquieted. A murmur had run through the room.

There was some pushing behind the Duke, whose pleasant smile greatly helped him to the front. "May I come up?" he asked the chairman from the foot of the platform.

The chairman and Camplion had exchanged words. With folded arms the latter had watched the young Duke's advance, his brows cut with wrinkles.

"Yes, it's him, sure enough," he informed the chairman, who seemed then quite at a loss what to do.

"I'm coming," said the Duke good-humoredly; and there he stood by the demagogue's side.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Campion, to interrupt you"—he began.

But he got no farther. Springing behind him, the demagogue lifted his boot into the small of the Duke's back and charged him off the platform. "There you are!" he shouted maniacally afterwards. "When Robert Campion says a thing he does it, duke or no duke. I've served him the same as his father served me; and you men who cry 'Shame!' don't know what you're talking about. If he requires any more of it I'm ready!"

He folded his arms again and glared defiance at every one. No one spoke while the young Duke returned to the platform. There was much jostling to get to the front, but otherwise a silence that could be felt.

The young Duke had damaged his nose on a man's bald head, otherwise he was just as before. If anything, he was even braced by the assault. As a hunter, he had fallen over precipices and been picked up smiling in spite of broken bones. It was scarcely a six-foot drop to the man's bald head.

Campion set himself squarely to the young Duke this second time, with his clenched fists stiffly by his hips; but the young Duke's first movement was for his pocket-handkerchief. His pipe came out with it and smashed on the floor. He picked up the bits, shrugged his shoulders as he viewed them in the palm of his hand, and slipped them into a side-pocket. Then he wiped the blood from his nose and again confronted the demagogue.

"On my honor as a man, Mr. Campion," he said, in the voice of one used to outdoor talking in all weathers, "you're wrong if you think I suppose

I'm born into the world only to have a good time. I'm not such a silly fool. I want you all to have a little patience. Ah, excuse me!"

His nose needed fresh attention. While he ministered to it he was impressed by the faces of the crowd. They numbered about two hundred, and positively not one of them seemed inimical to him. He saw ill-health and even want on some, staring disinterested wonder and downright goodwill on others. But there was nothing like the contempt and rage which had just now flashed in the demagogue's eyes.

And then he felt a little faint—not from loss of blood, nor yet shock, but from something better. Twice in Central Africa he had been the lord and master of hunting expeditions with scores of human beings dependent upon him, many of whom had died. Each time he had had horrible sick moments of remorse about those dead and dying ones. The same kind of emotion came to him now.

The chairman, who had felt unequal to his chair since the disturbance began, timidly ventured a suggestion.

"Shall we end the meeting?" he asked at random.

"Oh, no," said the young Duke, "of course not." He again faced the demagogue, whose nervous agitation was distressing to see. "I won't interrupt things either. All I wish to do is to apologize to you, Mr. Campion, for anything my father may have done in an unworthy moment. We all have them, you know. But—this nose of mine beats me. Good-night, gentlemen."

He sprang the handkerchief to his face again. The "Good-night, gentlemen," was rather muffled. It carried pretty well, however, and the laugh in his eyes carried even farther.

As he jumped from the platform the crowd clapped. Ere he was out of the room the applause was as loud as Campion's own welcome half-an-hour ago.

He might have had honorable escort to the street if he had waited for it; but he took the stairs two and three at a time, and was down first. In the corridor below he met a policeman.

"Is the Duke of Kelter up there?" asked the man sharply.

"No," said the young Duke; "he's here. I'm the chap. Get along back. They'll do very well by themselves. Besides, I want you."

The constable had his instincts like another. He saluted the Duke, and hoped he was not seriously hurt.

"Not hurt at all. There, listen to 'em! Come along."

A youth had cried from the stairs, "The Duke's a bit of all right!" and the Duke laughed as if he quite liked to hear his praises thus sung.

He took the constable by the arm, and they passed into the street. It was an unimportant street, without shops. The square lamp over the door, with the black letters "Co-operative Hall" on the lamp, was at that hour its chief object of interest.

"Just tell me something about our friend Campion," he said when they were on the pavement.

There was a side street three paces on; and, still master of his companion, the Duke steered him down that way.

The constable was not quite easy in his mind, but the young Duke's magnetic influences continued to work upon him. He had three worthy stripes on his arm, testifying to his intelligence; nevertheless, he did not readily grasp the Duke's point of view. He was more anxious to see the Duke safely to the Kelter Hotel.

But that wouldn't do at all.

"Where does he live? How does he live? He isn't level-headed, and men like that need to be looked after. I understand he's married. Where does he live, man?"

"Your Grace," said the constable to this compound bombardment of ques-

tions, "I'm afraid he's a bad lot at home. He lives in Park Street, No. 14."

"Where's that? How far off."

"About five minutes from here, your Grace."

"Then take me there. And tell me all you know on the way."

The constable's knowledge was not great. There was a deal of crying in No. 14 at times, he said, and Mrs. Campion had the look of a hunted woman. The neighbors hadn't the same opinion of Campion as the men who listened to his tongue in places like the Co-operative Hall. Ah, yes! come to think of it, he had heard that several weeks' rent was owing. They might get turned out any day.

"He doesn't drink?" asked the Duke.

"No, sir," replied the constable; and, yielding to facetiousness, he added, "His spout's of the dry kind. This is the street, your Grace, and here's No. 14."

The young Duke gripped his arm. "Good-night, officer, and thank you," he said. "Your name, please? Hannaway! Thanks. I'll remember. And you might go and tell my man to get the car ready. I'll be with him directly."

He tapped gently at the door as the constable moved away. He tapped again, and then it opened a few inches, and a woman asked who he was.

"A friend of your husband's, if you are Mrs. Campion," said the Duke. The door opened wider. It let straight upon a poorly furnished parlor, with a gas-jet in the middle of the room only just alight.

"Is anything the matter with him?" asked the woman anxiously.

"Oh no, no, no," replied the young Duke with vigorous cheerfulness. "Do let me in for a moment. There's no harm in telling you I'm the Duke of Kelter, I hope?"

Mrs. Campion stepped back and turned up the gas; and the Duke en-

tered without permission, and pushed the door behind him. He laid his cap on the table and wished to shake hands. But Mrs. Campion didn't seem equal to the ordeal. She looked frightened. Her face was very white and thin, and there were dark curves under her eyes. She clasped her hands in front of her and bore herself like one used to blows and expecting another.

The Duke drew a deep breath. He noticed everything: the threadbare floorcloth, the worthless and scanty furniture, and, chief of all, the poor woman's open dread of him.

"I have only come to pay a debt long due to your husband, Mrs. Campion," he said. "Please trust me. I haven't been in England a week, and until yesterday I didn't know about things. May I use your ink?"

An ink-bottle and a pen were on the mantelpiece. The Duke helped himself to them and drew a chair to the table. He was glad that he had a cheque-book with him; and, producing it, he opened it immediately.

"I don't know what he'd do to me if he found me here, Mrs. Campion," he said with a smile, resolutely forced, yet a fine specimen of its kind; "but I'm going to chance it."

"What are you going to do, sir?" whispered the woman.

"Let me do it first," said he.

He dashed off an order to pay Robert Campion one thousand pounds, signed his name, and handed the wet slip to the demagogue's wife.

"There, Mrs. Campion," he said. "I don't consider that it puts things right, but I do hope and pray he will take it as a sincere attempt from one generation to atone a little for the wrong done in a previous generation. And tell him this, Mrs. Campion, that if he destroys it I'll double it. Tell him I'll come and do it to his face here if the cheque isn't cashed within the week. And tell him this also, that I

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shall think all the better of him if he's as much a Socialist this time to-morrow as he is to-night. But of course he will be. I oughtn't to have said that. I beg his—Hello!"

The demagogue himself was in the room. The meeting at the Co-operative Hall had ended rather abruptly after the Duke's flight. He had come stealthily down the street, and stopped outside to listen until it seemed to him that he had heard enough. That wisp of hair divided his forehead like a black line.

"Robert!" cried his wife, rushing to him with the cheque.

His eyes were very wild when he entered, and they were still so when he turned them from the cheque towards the young Duke.

"This is rough luck!" whispered the young Duke, again forcing a smile. "I hoped I'd get it all over long before you came home, Mr. Campion. Er—I must make a bolt for it. I'm glad the table's between us, so far."

It was graceful comedy, or the pretence of it, on the Duke's part. He was unquestionably anxious, however, to be off. More, he reached the door unobstructed. But he did not make his bolt quite so precipitately.

The demagogue had collapsed upon a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Robert, thank him: It's noble of him!" whispered his wife.

It was this that made the young Duke pause. He returned, and at the risk of his life put his hand on the demagogue's shoulder.

"My dear fellow," he said, in a tone that would have touched harder hearts than the demagogue's, "we're not quits yet. Don't think that. Good-night, and believe me if I say, 'God keep you both!' I'm one of the old-fashioned ones in some things, though folks wouldn't suppose it."

He was gone the next moment.

C. Eduardes.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ATLAS.

The atlas always remains at the end of the long trail. He whose health is broken, his resources crippled, or his home duties so exacting as to prevent him from once more seeking the peace of God on the mountain-tops, or beside the roaring river, or in the embrace of the gloomy jungle, has still left to him the solace of an atlas, with magic memories that breathe life and perspective into its colored flatness. The pale blue spaces are transformed into silken seas that dandle strange craft beneath brazen skies, or into mountains of green water that rush like slaving wolves on the sides of some doomed tramp overdue at Lloyd's, a pawn in the game of those who gamble on men's lives. The herring-bone symbol that marks a range of mountains brings back the vision of arduous climbs in sun or snow. His eye follows the wormlike course of streams in British Columbia, and once again he hears the roar of falls and his feet slip at treacherous fords, and his hand plays the big trout round the pool back of the green boulder. His finger rests on the tiny circle which marks some Eastern city, and once more the babel of bazaars and the shrill call from tiled minarets reach his ears, once more he sees the shambling camels, the veiled women hurrying like shadows through the gateways; once more he smells the myrrh and spices, and even odors less pleasing, but part of retrospect. The north-eastern sweep of Prussia coastline that hedges the half-frozen Baltic recalls sledging parties on gray winter afternoons and the homeward tramp over crisp snows, with the sad *honk-honk* of wild geese far overhead. How different to his eye is the message of the blue curve of the Gulf of Mexico, its crystal water broken by the leap of silvery tarpon or the crash of falling

rays! As his finger traces the coastline of Venezuela, halting at the sub-baked port of La Bualra or off the verdant shore of Trinidad, bathed in Orinoco mud, he pants for air.

I suppose that every traveller has his favorite maps, and for myself none takes precedence of that of Asia Minor, where two spots bring back wonderful, though very different, memories. One of these is the little splash of blue that marks the Sea of Galilee, and once more, as I watch it, I am on the moonlit roof of a Franciscan Casa Nova at Tiberias, looking down on the silver mirror of the sacred lake and lending only an indifferent ear to the crooning reminiscences of a gentle soul of a lay brother whose simple lot is cast amid the holy places. An old gray heron flaps across the disc of the moon, croaking on its way towards Magdala, and other sound is there none, save the regular plash of oars somewhere round an angle of the walls, reminding one that Peter and Andrew are still busy with their nets.

How different a vision is conjured up by the little ring just below the centipedal diagram of the Caucasus, marked Tiflis! What a turmoil of raging Tartars dominated by Cossack patrols, giants who carry Russia's majesty in their belts, wherewith to bend the insurgent peasants—the Georgians, Armenians, Kurds, and Persians—to the will of the Little Father! These, with Lazes, Jews, Mongols, and what not, chaffer and wrangle in seventy languages! The finger wanders thence along the perforated line denoting railroad to the decaying port of Batoum, once the rendezvous of a hundred tankers, which drained the petroleum of Baku for transport to the Mediterranean, but long since reduced by an

abortive revolution to the status of Hawthorne's Salem.

Eastern Asia has its memories also, and the next map but one brings back to me a little verandah giving on the mighty fabric of Gunung Salak, the sleeping volcano that over-shadows the fairyland of the Buitenzorg gardens in the narrow isle of Java. A mile and a half the burning mountain rears its smoking crest above a little tumbling river, in which native women croon over the gaudy *sarongs* out of which they beat the water with large stones. The feathery palms, dwindling in perspective so as to look no more than the green plumage of a parrakeet, cling to its sides until they can no longer breathe in the rarer atmosphere, then fall despairingly away, leaving the giant bareheaded in the golden sunrise. The enchanted tenant of the balcony is held spell-bound. He does not notice the geckoes that flash up and down the wall, nor does he even hear the loud droning of the carpenter-bees at work beneath his feet. He has eyes only for the growing glory which is creeping down the timbered flanks of Salak to incarnadine the flimsy roofs of bamboo villages on the foothills. Then a little shower comes to break his dream, comes seemingly out of the fathomless blue, hanging bracelets of pearls on the outstretched wrists of gaunt trees, and for a moment blotting out the radiant landscape in a fairy mist.

Another map I love well is that of North America. As my eyes roam over its eight million square miles compressed into a parti-colored diagram six inches square, I recall many an forgotten scene in the Rockies, among the greener mountains of Carolina, on the desolate keys of Florida, along the parched plains of Texas and Arizona. Then they are drawn to a little island off the coast of California, and once again I find myself drifting over the

enchancing sea-gardens of Catalina, floating, as in an airship, over tangled pastures in which fishes of brilliant hue loom on their errand of rapine amid gorgeous sea-flowers. Here, in very truth, is God's Garden of Sleep. No dust lies on its winding paths. No voice trembles in its groves and thickets. The blooms that deck its carpet have no scent. A movement with the oar sets a current in motion which parts the curtain of kelp, disclosing the trousseau of chiffon and chenille in which the mermaids love to deck themselves for their marriage with the dead. The light seems polarized, mystic, wonderful, and the sun's rays are caught and flashed back by golden fishes and by the lovely shell of the abalone. Beauty without noise is rare anywhere, and nowhere more rare than in America.

From Catalina to Lake Tahoe on my map is a distance of a fraction of an inch, though in reality the connection involves one in some hours of sea travel and two days and nights in the train. Tahoe, a dream-lake, mirrors four thousand feet of snow-capped sierras in its two thousand of deepest opalescence, now green, now blue, now gray, like the eyes of Swinburne's lady. All about the lake is a silent witchery that works in the blood after time has done its cruel best to dim the beauty of it. Towering pines stand like grim sentinels along its shores, and, helped by the soft winds from the Pacific, strew their needles on the earth for the little ground-squirrels to play at hide-and-seek on. The peace of this sweet lake of the sierras is holy. It is a silent benediction. It is the kind of peace that made Thoreau wonder why, with Mother Nature to turn to, men should worry so seriously over the little things of life.

Such and other comforts the old atlas brings at the end of our travels, and he who cannot read such golden mem-

ories into its projections is like Sir Fopling Flutter, to whom every place outside of Hyde Park was the desert, or

The Outlook.

Sydney Smith, who held that a life lived out of London, was a life mispent.

F. G. Afaio.

THE ISSUES OF THE BUDGET.

BY THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

There are ominous signs that we may be approaching one of the greatest Constitutional struggles waged in this country for over 250 years. If the struggle comes, it is a subject for gratification that it should arise over a measure which probably raises, in a clearer and more decisive fashion than any other legislative proposal within living memory, some of the most important issues that divide Liberalism from Toryism. There is the question of Free Trade and Protection. Should taxation be used as a means of artificially raising prices so as to enrich a few at the expense of the rest of the population? I observe that this week the "Times" dwells upon the advantage of keeping up the prices of wheat in this country in the interests of agriculture, and as experience proves that the landlords constituted the only agricultural class that profited by that expedient when it was tried before, it means that the cost of living is to be permanently enhanced for over forty millions of people in order to benefit a group of persons who barely number a few thousands. The frantic efforts made by the Tariff Reformers to defeat the Budget prove that they at any rate are fully alive to the fact that when it has become law it will make it much more difficult for any succeeding Government to carry through the great operation which Protectionists have in contemplation for passing on the burden of taxation from the banking accounts of the rich to the bread and meat of the multitude.

That is not the only fiscal issue

raised by the Budget. There are others of equal importance. Should taxation be borne by those who can best afford to bear it or by those who can least afford to pay? Should it fall on the necessities or on the superfluities of life? Most momentous question of all, has the time not arrived for the State to call to a reckoning those who have secured valuable monopolies at the expense of the community, and too often abused those monopolies to its detriment? And when you come to the purposes to which the State ought to devote its revenues, should not the national resources be charged with the avoidance and prevention of unmerited poverty and distress? Lastly, has the State no responsibilities for the organized development of the neglected wealth of the land? All these fertile and suggestive questions are raised by this year's Budget. As a constitutional conflict between Lords and Commons is, having regard to the events of the last few years, inevitable in the immediate future, I think it is well it should be finally and definitely challenged over a proposal, or rather a series of proposals, which embodies so much of the Liberal plan for dealing with the social problems which confront statesmanship throughout the world.

It may be said that these projects are not a part of the Budget upon which the Lords will be called upon to pronounce. But personally I look on the Budget as a part only of a comprehensive scheme of fiscal and social reform—the setting up of a great insurance scheme for the unemployed, and for

the sick and infirm, the creation, through the Development Bill, of machinery for the regeneration of rural life. All these constitute as essential and vital parts of the Budget as the taxation of ground values and the imposition of a super-tax.

The mistake made by the Liberal Government of 1894 will not be repeated. Sir William Harcourt's great financial proposals raised a huge revenue for the State, but it was not hypothecated by the author and his colleagues to any specific purpose. The result was that when the Tory Government came into power they reaped the abundant harvest sown by Sir William Harcourt, and proceeded to squander it on the most reckless and wasteful enterprises. The very first year two millions of the yield was voted practically to arrest the decline in landlords' incomes due to the fall in agricultural rents. That sum soon went into the pockets of the landowning class. It ought to have been devoted to a well-conceived plan for aiding and improving agriculture, for assisting the establishment of small holdings, for improving rural transport and organizing co-operation, so as to help farmers, great and small, to bring their produce to market under conditions which would enable them to compete successfully with the foreigner, for the endowment of scientific research in agriculture, and for the training of the population engaged on the soil. Had that use been made of the £2,000,000 expended under the Agricultural Rates Act, not merely would the agricultural community have derived a hundred times as much benefit as they have ever received from that barren grant towards rates, but the nation as a whole would have profited in the enrichment of its land. It would be safe to say that even the landlords themselves would have now been deriving much more advantage, direct as well as indirect, from such an enlight-

ened expenditure than from the crude dole so precipitately and unintelligently handed over to them out of the yield of Sir William Harcourt's Budget taxes. What was done with the balance of that yield? Can any one point to one useful national enterprise promoted by it?

What was left after the landlords had enjoyed the first cut was frittered away over futile expenditure on armaments. How futile that expenditure was the South African war demonstrated to the world. It was part of my plan in raising a revenue for the urgent national needs of the hour to raise it by means which in succeeding years would grow into a substantial and a swelling surplus. It was also part of the same plan that this surplus should be earmarked from the outset, in so far as the declaration of the Government could accomplish that object, to ends which might in themselves be beneficent and fruitful. That is why I devoted so considerable a portion of what would have been even otherwise an overburdened Budget statement, to an elaboration of the schemes sanctioned by the Government for social reform and national development.

The Protectionist Party in this country are more alarmed about these schemes than about our methods of taxation. They recognize that these plans when matured will appreciably increase the bank balance of Liberalism. For that reason, even if the Budget goes through, I predict that another concerted effort will be made to rouse a fresh naval or military panic, so as to rush the Government into the criminal extravagance of unnecessary armaments on land and sea. A successful agitation of that kind would bankrupt social reform, and the enormous advantage which would otherwise be gained by means of the Budget surplus would be completely thrown away. Nothing would be left for our

pains but the bare taxes. So there will be the usual crop of rumors about German plans and preparations. We know now how little foundation existed for the last scare. In the light of established facts the March fright which shook Britain and convulsed the Colonies looks rather foolish. Mr. Balfour's twenty-five German "Dreadnoughts" in 1912 have, for the moment, disappeared from the stage. The sensational drama of a foreign invasion has ceased to draw. It is not now to the interests of the Tory Party to dwell too much on the "grave national emergency" whilst the country sees them fighting with grim tenacity in the House of Commons against contributing a penny towards the fund which the Government are raising to meet it. But when the taxes are established, the Tory members will strive to divert their produce from the channel of fruitful reform, which may win gratitude for the party which initiates it, to the barren waste which ends in popular disappointment and national restlessness or even disaster. Liberals will have themselves to blame if they lack the perspicacity and firmness to resist these manufactured cries of national danger.

I sincerely hope that our schemes of social reform will not end with the establishment of a national system of insurance. The Budget has revealed the intensity and the universality of the interest taken in the land question in this country. It affects not merely every *class*, but every industry. My opinion as to the feeling in the country on this subject is not in the least affected by the result of the Bermondsey election. We have had five bye-elections since the introduction of the Bill. They all showed a majority of voters for the Budget, and Bermondsey is no exception to this rule. And if a comparison is instituted between the ante-Budget and the post-Budget contests, it

will reveal a startling change in the electoral prospects of Liberalism. Bermondsey may perhaps indicate that the London democracy has not up to the present grasped the importance of the land question to the same extent as the rest of Britain. A rational land system lies at the very root of national well-being. Liberalism will commit one of the most fatal blunders of its career if it allows this question to rest until it is settled. The real meaning of the enthusiasm aroused by the Budget is that the country has risen in revolt against the land monopoly. It has impoverished our rural districts, it has driven old industries away from our villages, and has prevented the establishment of new ones; it has emptied the Highlands, and scattered the robust population from which flowed the most splendid material for the defence of the country to the ends of the earth. It has cramped the natural, healthy growth of our towns. Streets which might have been filled with real homes, affording ample breathing space to restore the energies of our laboring population, in all ranks of life, have been crushed into airless blocks of unsightly buildings which are the eye-sore of our great cities and a danger to civilization. Traders, manufacturers, professional men, business men, builders and workmen in town and country, have long been smouldering with disaffection against this oppression of landlordism, and with the Budget their discontent has burst into flame. If Liberalism leaves the matter there and does not substitute some more rational system, it must inevitably suffer for its lack of courage and foresight.

The Budget campaign must be the beginning and not the end of the Liberal effort in land reform. The intelligent foreigner who supplies the Tariff Reform party with ideas has foreseen that the British democracy are profoundly dissatisfied with the conditions

under which land is now owned and managed. He has therefore pressed upon his leaders—and has met with some measure of acceptance—a scheme of State purchase. But the success of such a scheme must necessarily depend on the price paid for the land. If the extravagant prices which have hitherto accompanied every acquisition of land for public or industrial purposes are to rule in future, the peasant proprietary of Mr. Ellis Barker is doomed to a subsidized insolvency. The new State valuation must be the basis for all plans of communal purchase. On this basis municipalities ought to buy the land which is essen-

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tial to the development of their towns. And the State could also buy up land necessary to the policy of recreating rural life in Britain. We are pledging credit to the extent of some scores of millions for the purpose of giving Ireland a fresh start in life, freed from the crippling influences of landlordism. Is nothing to be done for Britain? The Budget has excited a real hope in the breast of the people as to the answer which the Liberal Party are prepared at last to give to that question. The future of Liberalism depends on the courage and the firmness with which the party faces the task of realizing that hope.

David Lloyd George.

PRINCE ITO.

It is generally admitted that the great work of abolishing feudalism in Japan, restoring the administrative authority to the Sovereign, and leading the long isolated Japanese Empire into the comity of nations, was planned and consummated by some 50 men, among whom the most prominent place belongs to Prince Ito.

Born on September 2, 1841, in the family of a humble Samurai of the Choshu fief, Hirobumi Ito had no adventitious aid of fortune or lineage to help him along the path to fame. He was merely an inconspicuous unit among a crowd of youths whose attention was drawn to politics by the grave vicissitudes that threatened their country on the eve of the *Meiji* era. If luck can be said to have aided him at all, it was in placing him under the tutorship of one of the most enlightened men Japan ever produced, Torajiro Yoshida. By this instructor the extraordinary abilities of the youth were recognized, and soon his name came to be associated with that of Kaoru Inouye (now Marquis Inouye) as the

two most promising Samurai of their generation. Inouye was six years Ito's senior, but there sprang up between the two a friendship which lasted without the slightest interruption until death separated them. It was with Inouye that Ito made his adventurous journey to England in 1863 which was related in *The Times* of Dec. 25, 1901, when he revisited this country under very different conditions. Recalled to Japan by the Shimonoseki complication, which resulted from the action of Choshu batteries in firing upon foreign vessels, Ito and Inouye made their way secretly to the British Legation in Tokio. They had already entreated Sir Rutherford Alcock to delay the punitive expedition then on the verge of setting out from Yokohama against the Choshu fief. Sir Rutherford had not only consented, but he then detailed a British frigate to carry the two men to Shimonoseki in order that, from the text of their own observations in England, they might preach the madness of entering the lists against the West in arms. They failed, and in the se-

quel Inouye was nearly cut to pieces by the conservative section of his clansmen, while Ito had to lie in concealment. But wiser counsels ultimately prevailed, and Ito very soon found himself performing important duties under the patronage of Kido, the liberal leader of the Choshu fief.

In 1868, at the early age of 27, he received the appointment of Councillor of State, and thenceforth his name stands prominently recorded on every important page of his country's history. At first his genius seemed to incline toward enterprises for the material development of his country. The building of railways was inaugurated under his auspices and in the face of great difficulties. But soon he took a leading position in finance, and, after a visit to the United States in 1870, he organized a national bank system in Japan, while at the same time assisting prominently in the complicated and arduous financial adjustments entailed by the abolition of feudalism. In 1881 he emerged with much enhanced prestige from a Cabinet crisis which preceded the announcement of constitutional government, to take effect ten years later, and immediately, in conjunction with Kaoru Inouye and Masayoshi Matsukata (now Marquis Matsukata), he set himself to devise methods for raising the country from the slough of a depreciated fiat currency and for restoring specie payments.

At the time of the achievement of this great task in the autumn of 1885, Ito had just returned from China. He had been despatched thither by his Sovereign with plenary powers to negotiate a solution of the Korean problem, which threatened to cause a rupture of peaceful relations between the two Empires of the Far East. This mission he accomplished with *éclat*, for the Convention of Tien-tsin, signed by him and Li Hung-chang, contained a clause virtually placing Japan on the

same footing as China in the Peninsula Kingdom, where from time immemorial Peking had claimed supremacy. By those that knew Ito best it was always confidently alleged that even from that time he foresaw in outline the series of momentous events destined ultimately to grow out of this Tien-tsin Convention, and that nothing less than such a crisis would have induced him to undertake a mission necessitating his absence from Japan at a time when another, and apparently a much greater task was there occupying his attention. For in 1882 he had been sent to the West to study Parliamentary systems and their working, and, returning a year later, he had been entrusted with the duty of drawing up a Constitution for Japan.

Such an undertaking would have claimed the entire attention of any statesman less highly gifted. But for Ito it was only a corollary to other great problems, financial, industrial, and administrative. Almost immediately after his return from China (1885) he advised the Emperor to institute titles of nobility, to establish a Privy Council, and to reorganize the Ministry, thus forming a system which has remained unchanged ever since. He himself became the first Premier—"Minister President of State" in Japanese nomenclature—under the new *régime*, and he was called to the same post three times in later years. The opening of the Diet in 1890 found him presiding over the Privy Council, which position he resigned in order to become President of the House of Peers, so that his guiding hand might be at the helm of the new constitutional barque. Two years later (1892) he was again ordered by the Emperor to form a Cabinet, and it was during his tenure of office that, in 1894, war broke out with China, ending in the memorable Treaty of Shimonoseki, negotiated and signed by the same two men who had set their

seals to the Tien-tsin Convention ten years previously, Count Ito and Li Hung-chang. Almost before the ink was dry upon this new compact Ito had to face a problem of unprecedented magnitude. Russia, France, and Germany warned Japan that her territorial acquisitions under the Shimonoseki Treaty could not be tolerated. The object of those acquisitions had been to guarantee Korea against foreign aggression, and the effect of the veto pronounced by the three Powers was to show Japan that to save Korea another war would ultimately have to be fought. The significance of the situation did not escape Marquis Ito—a marquissate had been given to him on the conclusion of peace. He asked the Diet to sanction a programme for doubling the army and the navy, and for subsidizing navigation and shipbuilding, so that Japan might come into speedy possession of such a fleet of transports as would enable her fully to utilize her military strength on the Asiatic continent.

Meanwhile his position in domestic politics was becoming more and more difficult. As framer of the Constitution he knew that party Cabinets must come sooner or later; but the history of Parliamentary institutions in other countries warned him that a long period of probation was desirable. Moreover, of the two principal parties that occupied the arena, neither commanded a working majority in the Lower House or possessed a sufficiency of trained officials to take over the Administration. Could these two cardinal disqualifications be overcome, Ito would have been disposed to follow the trend of the times; whereas another group of statesmen, under the leadership of Field-Marshal Marquis Yamagata, were irrevocably opposed to party Cabinets in any circumstances. In 1898 this great question had to be put to the test of actual practice. The

two principal political parties, after occupying bitterly hostile camps during a period of 17 years, suddenly joined hands. Thereupon Ito resigned the office of Premier, which he had accepted six months previously, and advised the Emperor to entrust the duty of forming an Administration to the leaders of the new coalition, since it controlled a solid majority in the Lower House and possessed a sufficiency of capable candidates for portfolios. His advice was adopted. But five months of constructive statesmanship reopened all the old fissures. The coalition fell to pieces, and the Conservatives, under Marquis Yamagata, came into power. Ito's position was thus somewhat compromised. It seemed as though the growth of his offspring, the Constitution, was doomed to be arrested permanently. He then took a course that astonished the nation, for he himself stepped down (September, 1900) into the arena of party politics as leader of the Liberals, to whose ranks he brought a numerous contingent of his own followers and admirers. Thus reorganized, the Liberals changed their name to *Seiyu-kai* (Political Association), and the country seemed at last to have entered an era of party Cabinets. But the House of Peers had still to be reckoned with. Strongly resenting what they regarded as the defection of Marquis Ito, they opposed every Bill sent up by the *Seiyu-kai*, and though their destructive attitude yielded ultimately to the direct intervention of the Throne, it shook the nation's confidence in Marquis Ito's tactics. Thus three years later (1903) he handed over to Marquis Saionji the leadership of the *Seiyu-kai*, himself retiring to the comparatively inactive position of President of the Privy Council, whence, however, he continued to exercise virtual control of the Association.

This was on the eve of the war with Russia, and throughout that momen-

tous crisis Ito's advice was sought continuously by his Sovereign and the Ministry alike. An alliance between Japan and Great Britain had not at first presented itself to him as a practical possibility, and whilst he clearly foresaw that events were dragging his country to the verge of war, he had been slow to relinquish the hope of averting the catastrophe by an understanding with Russia. In the winter of 1901-2 he visited St. Petersburg for the purpose of personally discussing the situation with Russian statesmen, but his efforts in the then temper of Russia were foredoomed to failure, and he approved of the first Anglo-Japanese Agreement, which was concluded a few months later, no less cordially than he did of its renewal and extension in 1905. Though none was less inclined than Ito to flinch from the sacrifices necessary to secure for Japan the recognition of her position amongst the Great Powers of the world, he was essentially a man of peace, and during the Portsmouth negotiations his influence made itself felt, as always, for conciliation. His visit to Kharbin, though not, we believe, an official mission, would doubtless have afforded him an opportunity of removing in the same spirit the misconceptions with regard to Japanese policy in Southern Manchuria to which the recent agreements between Japan and China appeared to have given rise in Russian official circles.

One of the most important results of the Russo-Japanese war was to give Japan a free hand in Korea, and it soon became evident that the task to which Japan found herself committed in that country required much more delicate handling than it had at first received from the military authorities. At the close of 1905 he consented to assume the direct control of Korean affairs in the capacity of Resident-General. He brought to that task ripe experience

and profound sagacity. The difficulties to be overcome were, however, very great. To reduce Korea at once to the position of a Japanese dependency would have been the simplest course. But such a programme seemed likely to provoke the opposition of foreign Powers, and would have contrasted injuriously with Japan's long- professed policy of recognizing Korea's independence. On the other hand, the Koreans had always been opposed to reform, and this constitutional aversion could not fail to be intensified when the leaders of progress were a nation whose aggressive designs they had been taught to suspect, whose historical relations with their own country had been of a most deterrent character, and who had recently been represented in their midst by a victorious army. Prince Ito's task was thus of a most arduous nature. He devoted to it three and a half years of untiring diligence, and when he retired, in July of 1909 he left behind him a country not only sensible of the necessity of progress but to some extent reconciled to Japan's leadership. On returning to Tokio he was nominated once more to the presidency of the Privy Council and he retained his position as Grand Tutor to the Prince Imperial of Korea who, at his instance, had repaired to Tokio to be educated.

No notice of Prince Ito's career would be complete without reference to the very exceptional confidence reposed in him by his Sovereign, from whom he received with the title of Prince bestowed upon him after the war the highest of the many honors which it was in the power of the Throne to confer. The Mikado trusted him implicitly and sought his advice on all occasions. Among the many important legislative works with which his name is connected, the Law of the Imperial House stands next to the Constitution, and among his numerous financial

achievements none is more remarkable than the fact that he raised the Japanese Crown from a state of traditional indigence to one of comparative wealth. If none of the Elder Statesmen has possessed greater influence with his Imperial Master, none has exercised that influence with greater discretion and with a more disinterested determination to maintain the prestige and authority of the Throne.

It has fallen to the lot of very few statesmen to preside for fifty years, with unbroken success and unflinching sagacity, at the rebuilding of their own

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country, and to still fewer has fate vouchsafed the opportunity of directing the feet of two nations into the paths of progress. Prince Ito's name will go down in the pages of the world's annals as well as in those of Japanese history, and it will be remembered of him that although he attained to the highest honors his country could bestow, he remained from first to last the same genial, modest, and courteous man; the same warmhearted and unchanging friend; the same loyal and devoted servant of his Emperor and his country—faithful unto death.

THE TAXPAYER AND NAVAL ARMAMENTS.

It is now abundantly clear that the Government need not have yielded to the clamor of the Opposition and to the foolish agitation got up in the City of London and elsewhere last spring. For the main reason put forward by Mr. M'Kenna—the Austrian programme of Dreadnoughts—has already disappeared, even from the region of hypothesis. Last week it was thought in Vienna that half-a-million might be allocated to the programme, but the latest information is that even this trifling expenditure is to be dropped, and that the financial demands for Dreadnoughts have been entirely withdrawn, in order to avoid a conflict with the Hungarian Government. Thus, in order to meet the problematical program which has been dropped, we have added a burden of nearly three millions to a naval expenditure which already absorbed the whole produce of the income-tax. If the Government had resisted the naval alarmists, there would have been no necessity whatever for the increase of the death duties, and the additional duties on stamps might also have been avoided. And yet, so absurd is the present political

situation, that one of the main planks in the platform of Mr. Balfour is to be a complaint that the Liberal Administration have not made adequate provision for the needs of the Navy!

Meanwhile, public opinion in Germany among all classes is rapidly setting against the big Navy movement, and the German Navy League is becoming a most unpopular body. The *Berliner Tageblatt* points out that the new taxes are directly due to the rapid growth of the Naval Estimates. Under the present Kaiser, naval expenditure has risen from £2,550,000 to twenty millions, and will go on increasing "if the present naval policy is maintained." A continuance in the growth of naval expenditure, adds our contemporary, is impossible. The present naval policy, so far from being above criticism, actually invites attack.

But by means of inaccurate statements, by manipulations of fact and speculation upon uncertainties, and by the exaggeration of the dangers of a naval war the agitation for a big fleet has been kept going and the people have been given the impression that all these dangers would be removed once the Government had obtained the fleet

it demanded. Now only for the first time are the experts telling the truth in this matter and exposing the fallacy of putting forward a battleship fleet as a necessary and practicable means of coast defence against the danger of a blockade. Anyone who has read the literature of the subject will be convinced that a battle fleet from the point of view of coast defence is not only a costly and unreliable instrument of war, but can actually be dispensed with. The battleship exists for other purposes. The predecessor of the present Naval Minister told the truth when he declared in the Reichstag that Germany did not need her battle fleet for coast defence.

Our contemporary, which expresses the opinions of naval as well as of financial experts, objects as strongly as we do to the Dreadnought craze, and shows that the new giant ships will devour, both for maintenance and construction, much larger sums than have hitherto been provided. This explains why the German programme, so far from being enormously accelerated, as Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lee argued when our Naval Estimates came forward, is actually slackening. The 1908 programme, as the *Manchester Guardian* has shown, has not been advanced, but is slightly in arrears; and as for the 1909 programme, the contracts for two of the vessels, the *Ersatz Heimdall* and the *Ersatz Hildebrand*, have not even been placed. We have pointed out over and over again that, apart altogether from merely financial considerations, many of our best naval strategists and constructors are hostile to the monster battleships and monster cruisers, whose promotion by means of an extraordinary campaign of advertisement is the sole handiwork of Sir John Fisher. Here is what the German critic has to say upon the subject:—

Fortunately a means of bringing down expenditure is afforded by the progress of the submarine. Nowadays

without a sea fight at all battleships and fleets can be destroyed by submarines and kept far from our coasts. On the 22nd June we published an account of the French manœuvres off the Pas de Calais, which gave an astonishing proof of the efficacy of the submarine, and the technical papers afterwards confirmed our account in full. So that a further resort to taxation could be prevented by an agitation for the construction of a submarine flotilla, which would cut down the cost of building a battle fleet, diminish the heavy maintenance cost of these big warships, and at the same time render possible a revision of the Naval Act, which would do justice at once to the progress of technical knowledge and the health of the Imperial finances.

In Germany, as in England, the notion of wild expenditure on battleships as an insurance premium on trade is trotted out by the Navy League Press. But in a war with England—and the converse is equally true of a war with Germany—"we should have losses," as Oberbürgermeister Führinger remarked the other day at Emden, "that would amount to milliards, while the Navy Law only asks for an expenditure of 120 million marks on battleships." The only way to protect peaceful commerce in naval war is to promote a rational agreement between the Powers that merchant ships shall not be molested. We do not believe that, even under present conditions, any civilized Government would venture to prey upon the peaceful commerce of the enemy by sea any more than by land. But the idea of abandoning so valuable a weapon of offence, so splendid a right to destroy and to be destroyed, has not yet quite penetrated into all the purlieus of Downing Street and Whitehall. The tax gatherer, however, is a good schoolmaster, both here and upon the Continent, and when our rich and influential men of both parties come to see that the way to remove the new

burdens upon wealth is not to shift them on to the shoulders of the poor, but to reduce the unnecessary expenditure which has brought them, we shall very soon find our way to pleasanter Budgets. The real menace to property and credit consists in the ut-

The Economist.

ter disregard among political vote catchers on both sides for public economy. This will cease when influential men change their minds. At present almost the whole Press seems to have been organized and concentrated upon pillaging the public purse.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The charm—and it is a great charm—of the new editions of Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" and Jonathan Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," of which E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers lies in Arthur Rackham's illustrations. Delicate and fanciful in the first volume, and humorous and grotesque in the second they add a great deal to the reader's enjoyment of the text. In each volume, there are twelve full-page colored illustrations, with some in black, and chapter decorations and endpapers. The drawing is fine and the coloring artistic.

The old story of the heiress who desires to be loved for herself alone still affords fresh variations and Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim finds some of them in his "Jeanne of the Marshes," a tale which boasts such a castle connected with the disused caves of former smugglers as it pleased Mr. Marriott Watson to use in his "The Castle by the Sea." The heiress is a brave and gallant girl, and the adventuress who attempts to use her as a puppet is discomfited in a manner thoroughly satisfactory, and after two very good mysteries have been solved, the deserving personages are left in a state which promises continued happiness. Little, Brown & Co.

The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. woo young readers with another group of attractive books. For the boys there is

the opening volume of a new series of stories based on the Civil War, entitled "For the Stars and Stripes"; and "With Pickpole and Peavey," the second volume of C. B. Burleigh's "Norman Carver Series," which describes stirring adventures among the Maine lumbermen. For girl readers Amanda M. Douglas adds "Helen Grant, Teacher" to her "Helen Grant Series"; Adele E. Thompson adds to the "Brave Heart Series" a story of the war of 1812, entitled "American Patty"; and for the benefit of very small girls Amy Brooks adds an eighth volume to her "Dorothy Dainty Series,"—"Dorothy Dainty in the Country." All are illustrated.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's "Stradella," reprinted from a magazine, now appears as a book, renewing regret for one of the greatest losses of this year of loss. It is a seventeenth-century tale, the scene laid partly in Venice and partly in Rome, the personages Venetian, Roman and foreign, and the chief influence in the tale, music. The hero sings, composes, plays, and controls the world about him, winning love, disarming murderous desire, and obtaining clemency from the powerful; and near him move two braves gallant in shabbiness or in rich attire as their trade prospers, a typical young Italian good-for-naught of the time, and a trusty servant, and the tragic figure of an escaped nun. The type of story is not the best among those which Mr.

Crawford chose to use, but it is very good. As for the braveoes, Trombin and Gambardella will live long after their betters are forgotten. Macmillan Company.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. add three volumes to their exquisite "First Folio" edition of Shakespeare, which is now progressing rapidly toward completion. The plays are Titus Andronicus, Anthonie and Cleopatra and Tymon of Athens. Miss Charlotte Porter and Miss Helen A. Clarke, the editors, furnish the volumes with introductions, notes, glossaries, lists of variorum readings and bits of selected criticism. Their work is done with thoroughness and discrimination. Reproducing as it does the First Folio text of 1623, with the original spelling and pronunciation, and fully furnished with illustrative material, this edition will certainly hold a permanent place. As to the format, it is no exaggeration to say that it represents the perfection of book-making.

There has been no lack, of late years, of stories of railway experience and adventure, written for grown-up readers. But Burton E. Stevenson is the first writer to discover how rich and profitable a field is here offered for stirring stories for boys. "The Young Train Master" (L. C. Page & Co.) is the third of a series of railroad stories, each independent of the others, but all connected. In the first volume his hero was a section-hand; in the second he was a train despatcher; in this he is a train master, and the boy reader who follows the narrative of his exciting experiences during a great strike incidentally learns details of railway management which will give him an insight into many phases of the great business of transportation. The same publishers add to Winn Standish's "Jack Lorimer Series" the story of "Jack Lorimer's Substitute," an ani-

mated narrative of school football and other sports. Both volumes are illustrated and attractively printed.

Miss Helen A. Clarke's "Longfellow's Country," which the Baker & Taylor Co. publish in a beautifully illustrated and typographically attractive volume, is much more than a bare description of the scenes most closely associated with the life of the poet. It is a close and sympathetic study of such of his poems as have a local or historical setting, in the light gained from familiarity with the places in which the incidents illuminated by the poet's imagination occurred. The coast of New England, from Portland to Newport; the Evangeline-country; the country immortalized in "Paul Revere's Ride" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish"; the scenes in which were laid the "New England Tragedies" of the Quaker persecution and the witchcraft delusion: the scenes pictured in "Hiawatha,"—these, as well as the home life in Cambridge are the subject of the book; and both the personality of the poet and the meaning of his verse are made more clear by Miss Clarke's interpretation and descriptions, aided by the thirty or more photogravures, with which the volume is illustrated.

The late Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey, like Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, apparently her model, was an author so much beloved by her readers that the appearance of her "The Key of the Unknown" will give almost as much regret as pleasure to her admirers by reminding them of her death, but it is of precisely the same quality as all those stories which she has written since she found her proper groove in fiction. The heroine is agreeably feminine, the hero manly, possibly a shade more manly than most of his predecessors. Her family, although somewhat unpromising at first, becomes all that a heroine could wish, his is cleared

of its objectionable members by death, and both are compelled by circumstances to favor the marriage which they at first opposed. According to Miss Carey's custom, the action of the plot is hindered by stories of various cats, dogs, and servants, and by over elaborate introductions of unimportant personages, but this is the quality which her admirers like. It need hardly be said that the tale is innocent and kindly: Miss Carey could not have written in any other spirit. Lippincott Company.

Lowell's "The Courtin'," his nearest approach to improvisation, richly deserves the very elegant decorations which Mr. A. I. Keller has given it for the holiday season. The "winder" through which Zekle peeked adorns the cover; the end papers present daintily colored panels in which cupids prepare the means by which the pretty tale is to be brought to a happy ending; every page has a colored picture or group of pictures as an accompaniment for its fragment of verse, and full-page colored plates appear at brief intervals. The artist has made Huldy charming, but Zekle is exactly defined by Steerforth's description of Ham Peggotty, "a chuckle-headed fellow for the girl." Lowell describes him as acting like this sort of man, but one half forgets it while looking at him through Huldy's eyes, and his crudity and ugliness rather shock a heedless reader. At most, however, Mr. Keller has transcended the poet's allotment of rusticity in but one picture, and even in this, the hideous dress of the time must share the responsibility. The publishers are justified in calling this the "final form" of *The Courtin'*. No one is likely to attempt to rival it. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Six stories—in four of which the chief personages do the things which

the reader and their nearest friends and kindred enemies have decided that they will not, compose Mary Stewart Cutting's "Just for Two," and a very agreeable book it is. "The Enchantment," "St. Agnes Eve" retold with changes to fit the time and country; "The Path to Spain" is the girl's half of the final conversation in a love affair, the talk of talks; "The Wife" lays bare the heart of a woman who keeps her promise made at the altar, and loves even through evil report and evil doing; "Miss Dream" is a story of a forgotten self, and ends happily by so slight a turn that one feels as if the heroine had evaded a real danger; "A Clear Field" is a vision of woe created by one of those beings, "neither brute nor human," who seem to gravitate to places behind the counter in opticians' shops, there to make their fellow creatures miserable; and "The Cloisonné Vase," without one word of condemnation, exhibits a reptilian creature which fancies itself a man. The writer's work deserves the popularity it is achieving, and more of these stories would have been welcome. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Those who know the "Rimas" of Gustave Adolfo Becquer, either in the original Spanish or in the translations of "Owen Innsley," Mrs. Humphry Ward, or Mr. Jules Renard, are aware that his early death in 1870, at the age of thirty-four, was such a loss as no country can afford. The literature of his day offered but a precarious livelihood to the poet and idealist, and his life was shortened by the struggle, gallantly as he bore it. The three small volumes into which devoted friends gathered his scattered work contain, besides the "Rimas"—admitted to be among the finest lyrics of the century—some fascinating travel sketches, a few miscellaneous articles on art and literature, and a collection of imaginative

stories that recall to an American reader, now Poe and now Hawthorne. These last are now published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. in an illustrated volume of nearly three hundred pages, entitled "Romantic Legends of Spain." The translators are Cornelia Frances Bates—whose recent death makes the book in a peculiar sense her memorial—and her daughter, Katharine Lee Bates. Their work has been done with rare fidelity, enthusiasm and spirit, and the quality of the original is finely reproduced. An introductory essay, biographical and critical, adds to the value of the book.

Miss Anne Manning Robbins makes a daring experiment in "Both Sides of the Vell," her shorthand report of "communications" from the spirit of the late Augustus Pearl Martin, a former Mayor of Boston, with certain added reflections of her own based on her experience in similar matters. Miss Robbins was for many years in the Mayor's office and long assisted the late Dr. Hodgson in his psychical experiments, and is therefore doubly qualified for preparing such a volume, and she shows herself still further adapted to the task by presenting her matter without volunteering argument. It must be owned that it has no very great significance except as showing that the source of the "communications," whether subjective or objective, honest or otherwise, knew all that Miss Robbins knew, and some things of which she was unaware, and she bears witness that it occasionally revealed things unknown to her but afterwards confirmed; and made certain predictions of events which came to pass, besides making certain statements as to conditions prevailing in Heaven. The value of these matters depends upon the prejudices of the reader. Miss Robbins' ability is evident; to her honesty and good faith,

her whole life bears evidence. Sherman, French & Co.

Leaving the South and his familiar company of lovely girls and more or less chivalrous youths Mr. Thomas Nelson Page turns in his "John Marvel, Assistant" to an American city in which both politics and morals are at a low ebb, and essays the task of exhibiting human nature enduring the quadruple strain imposed upon it by corrupt municipal politics, stock speculation, the labor union, and the greed of unscrupulous property owners. He does it as effectively as any of the others, with one or two exceptions, but his loss to a fairer, clearer species of fiction would be matter of regret, but for two characteristics of his book. One is his effort to imagine the feelings of a Jew growing up among Christians and finding himself everywhere misjudged, wronged, and insulted, not only by his inferiors, but by persons unable to offer the excuse of ignorance for their behavior; the other is his plain speech in regard to a feature of Christian civilization which he calls white slavery. It is not a pretty subject, although it is far less ugly than the topics discussed in the school of which "Together" and "Three Weeks" are typical, but he introduces it as a painter might introduce a dragon into a picture of Saint George, and his Saint George is John Marvel, an uncouth but clever and devoted clergyman. The heroine, a modern edition of the Lady in Comus, is worthy of the men who love her, the narrator, a hard working young lawyer, with a turn for kindness to the poor, the Jew, and the preacher, the "assistant" in every sense. Charles Scribner's Sons.

During all the years in which his friends and his enemies were talking of Henry Morton Stanley, none ever devised a story surpassing the reality, for to him, both in public and in private

the impossible invariably happened. The poor boy who defies the master of the workhouse school; the orphan ill-treated by the grudging kindred with whom he has sought shelter; the cabin boy victimized by a whole ship's company, from the captain who engages him and then drives him to go ashore unpaid to escape blows, to the worthless shipmate who bullies him; the penniless, half-starved little wanderer in a strange land succored by a chance acquaintance, adopted by him and then deprived of his good offices at the moment when they are most needed; the forced enlistment, the dramatic incidents on the battle-field, capture and discharge,—all these are the stuff of which novels are made, and he whose life includes any one of these details, must relate it carefully or be suspected of borrowing from fiction. If to these be added the finding of Livingstone and the rescue of Emin, and the tale of years of exploration, and the return to England, the refusal to make money by African investments; the marriage in Westminster Abbey, the election to Parliament, the happy days in making a home for himself and the grandly submissive year of waiting for death—might not doubt be excusable? About half of "The Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley" now newly published was written to appear in that form, but the rest is taken from his journals and published books and is none the less his. The closing chapter describing his last illness, death, and burial is Lady Stanley's and is proudly yet touchingly written. Some pages of "Thoughts" taken from his note books, a good index and a map of Africa follow. Scattered here and there in the book are eleven portraits of Stanley himself, one of Lady Stanley, a view of the cottage in which he was born, of the workhouse of St. Asaph, of Furze Hill, his last home, and of his grave. The "Introduction," written by Stanley, is such

a piece of self-revelation as one does not often meet. He says that from having been the most loving of boys he has become so changed by experience that he can love but one in a million; that he has not been happy, but believes that he has finished the work that he was sent to do, and was not sent into the world to be happy or to search for happiness. If he were not happy, he was certainly honored by all men of science who could judge his work, but naturally England gave him only the poor reward of Knighthood, refused to accept his suggestions as to guarding and improving the treasure which he laid at her feet, for the asking idly gave it to continental neighbors, in one case at least because an Emperor was so much interested in the flora and fauna. That is England's little way. As for the United States, envy made him her prey almost from the moment when Mr. Gordon Bennett's frank full confidence in him was made known; he was insulted by a jargon of statements as to his nationality, birth and young manhood, when he triumphantly found Livingstone, there was as much abuse as else in the shout that arose. In Parliament Stanley found his advice on African matters was as little heeded as that of Lord Roberts himself. Truly he had reason to confine his self-congratulation to the assertion that he had done that which he was sent to do. Of one thing, however, the man to whom Westminster was closed cannot be deprived. As long as English is read the story of his long, brave marches, his kindness to helpless nations, his refusal to accept the smallest share in the natural profit accruing from his work will give him a place among those whose lives speed boys on the straight road of duty and teach maidens what goals boys should be advised to seek. Houghton Mifflin Company.

